

*B* SATYRICAL *K*  
CHARACTERS,

And handsome

DESCRIPTIONS

*Cha:* In *Kemys*

LETTERS,

Written to severall Persons

*B* of Quality. *K*

Dedicated to the Duke of  
ARPAION.

By Monsieur De Cyrano Bergerac.

Translated out of the French,

By A Person of Honour.

*j-6*

LONDON,

Printed for Henry Herringman; and are to be sold  
at his shop at the Anchor in the Lower  
Walk in the New Exchange. 1658.

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CHARACTERS

DESCRIPTIONS

LETTERS

Written to several Persons  
of Quality

Presented to the Duke of

ARLINGTON

By Henry de la Roche

Translated out of the French

by J. de la Roche

LONDON

Printed by W. Stansfeld, at the  
Sign of the Ship, in St. Dunstons Church-yard,  
near the North Church, in the Strand.





# DEDICATION.

*My Lord,*



His Book hardly containes any thing, but a confused heape of my first Caprices, or, rather the first follies of my youth; I confesse 'tis with some shame, that I owne it, now in my more advanced yeares: Nevertheless my Lord, I dedicate it to your Lordship with all 'its defects, and beseech you to let it travell the world under your glorious protection. What will your Lordship think of so strange a proceeding, you'll beleeve perhaps, that 'tis want of respect, to dedicate to you, that which I my selfe contemne; and prefixe your Illustrious Name in the front of a worke, where I blush to see my own: I hope nevertheless (my Lord) that my respect and my zeale, are so well known

## Dedication.

knowne to you, that you will not impute the liberty I take, to a cause that will be so disadvantageous to me. Its now almost a twelve moneth since I gave my selfe to you, and since that happy moment ( esteeming all the time of my life lost that was not imployed in your service ) and not being satisfied, with having devoted to you that which remaines, I have endeavored to repaire that losse, by consecrating likewise to you my beginnings ; And because that which is passed cannot be recovered to present you with, I offer to you at least all that is left me of it ; and by that meanes ( since I have not had the honour to be yours all my life, ) my life hath in some sort been imployed for you. Besides ( my Lord ) you know that of all the Offerings that were made to God under the old law, none were so acceptable as the first fruits, however they are not usually the best. And (if it may be permitted to add that which is prophane after a thing so holy) you are not ignorant neither that the *Athenians* thought they could not make a more pleasing and agreeable present to *Apollo* then by sending to his Temple at *Delphos* their first hair, (which they consecrated to him) as the first production of their braine. This makes  
me

## ***Dedication.***

me hope ( my Lord ) that youle not refuse  
the offering I make to you of these workes,  
and that you'l not be displeased, that I style  
my selfe at the beginning of these letters, as  
well as at the beginning of *Agrippina*,

*My Lord*

Your Lordships most Humble,  
most Obedient, and most  
Obliged servant

*De Cyrano Bergerae.*

A 4

To

Proclamation.

proclaim (my law) that you be not ruled  
the working limits of these workers  
and the working limits of these workers  
the working limits of these workers  
the working limits of these workers

of the

John F. Kennedy  
President of the United States  
Official Record

The Great Migration

To

A

## To the Reader.



Prefaces in Generall are like those bills of notice that players post up, which give large promises of satisfaction, thereby to attract the more Multitude and money; And the Credulous buyers of books, who think to gaine wit by parting with their Coyne, are as much deceived as those that go to the Theater with hopes to become great Politicians by seeing the Countermeine of a Periwigd plot, or expect to learne Comportment from a Comedians Demarche. And they usually fall to the Stationers taske as being the Person most concern'd; to whom I would gladly have left it now, if my designe had been to give praises to the book, and not to gaine Pardon for my selfe.

Those that spend their time in brewing of Books are compar'd by Seneca to petty Painters that busie themselves in Coppying out Originalls; and this halfe verse of Horace is throwne at them.

O Imitatores, servum pecus!

And great loades of Censures they undergoe that meddle in this kind, how deservingly I will not now question, But certainly the cry against them would be lesse if it were considered that these reproaches concerne



## To the Reader.

1

even many who are not look'd upon by the world as Translators, and who are so farre from being capable to judge others that they are guilty themselves. With what confidence might I affirme this great truth that very few of those that would be thought the fathers of that which they do but usher into the world, are so indeed? And hardly have they so much right to any whole Page, as they pretend to have to the whole volume. What a is for the most part the Productions now a dayes, but Translations, and the riches of our Ancestors? We speak through their mouths, and scarce have wee a good thought which we are not their debtors for: Everyone, Pilfers and thinks it no injury to take from them that have to spare; some prey upon the sense, and by cloathing it in the Country dresse, make it passe for a native; Others content themselves with petty Larcins, and will confesse that they borrow their best expressions, if you'l grant the invention to be theirs; But the greater number are those that do not onely filch here and there, but take it as they find it, word for word, and onely alter the Title and instead of Virgill and Cicero put ——— and ——— Nor are they content with the spoiles of one Ancient, but pick up and down, feasting their Readers palate with a sallad of many simples, which doth no more better the Peruser, then compound meates doth the stomach, when they fill it with a confusion of corrupt humors; Thus do they make many Authors meet in the same sheet now they are dead, which living had divers a res to part them. If what is taken out of Aristotle, Plato, Seneca, and some others, were deducted from the works of some that passe for smart Composers, and Distillers amongst us, I doubt there maines would be little better then a babell of words. Such as these in learning  
are



## To the Reader.

are like our Quakers in religion, those Concordance-men; that are stufft with scraps of Scripture. To conclude, the riches the Presse presents us withall now a dayes, were dug out of the Antients mines, and there's nothing new.

The Arabes have a Proverb which sayes, That we merit little, if we cannot do as much as the spider that spinnes her web out of her owne bowells, without being beholding to anye either for matter or forme.

My intencion is not to raise my owne merits by detracting. and dispraising other men; for I acquiesce in the Proverbe, and confesse I have deserved nothing, I would onely perswade the world that Translators merit little, and those we have spoake of, Plagiaries, lesse. The one convicts himselfe by his Confession in the front of his worke. The other adds disingenuity and false-hood to his felony.

But however we may speak much ill of Translators; certainly Translations deserve better from us, for (although it may be granted that) 'tis no small difficulty to render all Authours, without, in some sort, doing them injury, (for every Language hath its Proprieties and advantages, and that which is wit in one Tongue will not be so in all) yet who is there I wonder that had not rather want one of his Eyes then both? because we cannot be so happy as to have every excellency of an Author, must we therefore loose him altogether? 'Twas the great Cardinall Richelieu's Care to have books in all sciences translated to render them more Communicable.

But, as 'tis usuall for those that come to beg pardon for an offence to aggravate and add to it by their Importunities, so I doubt my Exceedings may gaine me a severer sentence then perhaps was intended me. I confesse

## To the Reader.

I feffe I might have spoke much leffe, and yet have said enough, concerning this translation; but having now this Opportunity which I shall not often give my selfe, I was the willinge to say something in generall.

'Tis likely this Version will bring but few of those advantages to the world that I conceive accrem to it from many other Translations; yet, why should not wit be made communicable as well as knowledge since they are both ingredients of a perfect man. Wit I dare Promise you plentifully in these essayes, cloathed by the Author, in smooth and significant expressions, and such high and unthought-of raptures you'l meet with, that I believe you'l confesse he may with some allowance passe for a French Cleveaud, and indeed if our Author were not ignorant of this tongue I should think he endeavourd to imitate that great satyrist; for like Pliny's fish he carries teeth in his tongue.

These letters were the Recreations of his youth, as they have been heretofore mine, at those hours that I studied the French, & as they taught me French I learnt them English; with what successe, others must judge. I confesse there are some Conceptions which I understand not, although I endeavourd to do it from others. Such, as never as I could I englished verbatim; and so I spoiled the words that they might import as much in English as in French. Those that can judge of the Original will I believe grant, that 'tis almost as hard a Book, to translate well, as any in prose that is extant in that Language.

*The Readers are desired, when  
they meet with that, which they do not  
so clearly understand, to have  
recourse to these*

**Equivocall Words.**

<i>French.</i>	<i>English.</i>
<b>G</b> <i>Elee,</i>	Signifies Gelly and Frost. pag. 4. & 117.
<i>Cloches.</i>	Bells and Chilblanes. pag. 4.
<i>Gravelle;</i>	Hailstones, and gravell in the reins. p. 3. & 20.
<i>Glace.</i>	Ice, and glasse. p. 4.
<i>Charbon.</i>	A plague-fore, also a coal. p. 15.
<i>Vautee.</i>	Vaulted, also crooked. p. 18. & 20.
<i>Eventee.</i>	That hath taken vent, also foolish. p. 20.
<i>Pointee.</i>	Is the point of any thing, or the sharpnesse of wit. p. 27.
<i>Presse.</i>	A printing-presse, also a croud. p. 63.
<i>Quart &amp; Tiers.</i>	Thrusts that are made in Fencing, also a Tertian and Quartan Ague. p. 64. & 118.
<i>Plume</i>	Feathers for the Hat, also a quill or pen. p. 64. & 128.
<i>Ombre.</i>	A shadow, also a ghost. p. 64. & 128. Esprit.

French.	English.	
<i>Espit.</i>	The wit, also a ghost.	p. 66.
<i>Hastes.</i>	Sun-burning, also shamle or market.	p. 76.
<i>Vers.</i>	Verses, also Worms.	p. 78. & 125.
<i>Depoviller.</i>	To undresse, used likewise when one steals from another.	p. 88.
<i>Poulet</i>	A Pullet, also a love-Letter.	p. 110.
<i>Mules.</i>	Chilblanes, and Mules.	p. 4. & 117.
<i>Palettes.</i>	A Bartledore, also a thing to spread plaisters.	p. 117.
<i>Voler.</i>	To steal, also to fly.	p. 128.
<i>Soufflets.</i>	A pair of Bellows, also a box on the ear.	p. 131.
<i>Boie.</i>	A Boot, also a thrust with a foil.	p. 130.
<i>Fleau.</i>	A Flail, also a scourge.	p. 135.

*A*



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# SATYRICAL LETTERS

## And Handsome DESCRIPTIONS TO

Mounſier *Le Bret* A Counſellor.

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### I. *Against Winter.*

SIR,

**N**O W'tis, that Winter hath tyed the Earth's Codpiece point, & hath made the ſubſtance Impotent; nay, and the very ſoul, although Incorporeal, is not ſecure againſt his Tyranny. Mine is ſo ſhrunk into its ſelfe, That in what paſſe ſoever I touch my ſelfe to day, I want above four fingers of reaching the place I am at. I feele without being ſenſible, And a ſword might have let out my life at a thouſand doors, and never once knocked at that of Paine. In fine, we are almoſt Paralytick, yet (to make a wound of a ſmall hurt) God hath given but one balme for our ſore; and the Phyſician that brings it too, is to viſit ſix other houſes, before he comes to us; this lazy-bones I ſpeak of, is the Sunne. Do but ſee what little Journeyes he goes, he ſets out but at Eight.

B

and

and goes to his Inn at four. I believe he is of my mind, and thinks it too cold weather to rise early; But pray God; it may be lazinesse onely that stayes him, and not spight; for, me thinks, what ever the reason is, he hath looked upon us this many months Asquint; for my part I cannot imagine why it should be, unlesse he, seeing the Earth so hardned by the frost dares not Mount too high, for feare of hurting his Beams in precipitating them. Thus are we farr from being revenged on the season for the injury he doth us. In vaine the fire puts himselfe into a heat and Choller against him, his rage (after having sent forth a great many sparks of Anger) ends; in being constrained to devour himselfe the faster; 'Twere to little purpose to take up a shield, Winter is a six-month's death fallen upon one whole side of the Globe, which we cannot escape, 'Tis a short old-age of things animated, 'Tis a being that hath no action, which never comes neer us (be we never so stout) but he makes us quake, our porous, delicate, and fine slender bodyes, shrink up, become hard, and hasten to close their passages to baricadoe a million of invisible dores, & to cover them with little Mountaines: he is moved, contends, and blushing gives this for Excuse, that his shiverings are sallies that he purposely makes to beat off the Enemy from his out-works. Finally 'tis a Miracle that we resist the destiny of all living creatures. This Tyrant is not Content to silence our birds, to strip our trees, to cut *Ceres's* locks, nay and her Eares to boot, and to have left our Grand-mother stark naked & bare; but, that we might not fly by water to a more temperate climate,

mate, he hath enclosed them with Diamant walls ; and least the rivers by their Motion should have caused some heat to helpe us, he hath made them fast to their beds. But he exceeds all this, for, to affright us, by the very Image of prodigies which he invents for our destruction, he makes us mistake the Ice for a Hardned light, a Petrified day, a solid nothing, or some horrible Monster whose body is nothing but an eye. The Seine at first, affrighted at the teares of Heaven was troubled, and fearing some more sad disaster would have befallen her inhabitants, stopt her course, and kept her selfe in a readinesse, upon occasion to assist us. Mankind, being likewise terrified, at the Prodigies of this horrible season, gather from it presages proportionable to their feares ; If it snow, they presently imagine the Milky way is dissolving, that the heavens foame for madnesse at the losse of it, And that the earth, out of care to her Children, for feare becomes gray. They fancy likewise the universe to be a great Tart that this Monster ( Winter ) strowes Sugar upon, intending to devoure it, that the snow is the foame of the plants that dye mad, and conclude that the cold winds, are the last sighs of languishing Nature. I my selfe, that use to interpret all things for the best, and that in another season should have perswaded my selfe, that the snow was the vegetative Milk that the Planets suckled the Plants withall, or the Crumbs that, after Grace, falls from God Almighty's table, am now carried away with the torrent of Examples. If it hail, I cry out, what Punishments are reserved for us sinners, since the Innocent heavens pisse Gravell : would

I describe those frozen winds, so great, that they overwhelm Towers and Castles, and yet so small that they are invisable, I cannot imagine what to call them, unlesse, the Blustrings of some divells broke loose, which having binne benum'd under ground, run about to catch themselves a heat. Every thing that is like winter puts me into a fright, I cannot endure a looking glasse because of its resemblance with Ice, I shun Physitians because they are called snowie or gray Doctors, and I can convict the Cold of many Murders; for, in most of the howses in *Paris* where I have seen Gelly, there hath been a dying Person. In troth Sir, I doe not believe that Saint Iohn's tide will perfectly cure me of my Christmas distempers; when I think, that I must still see in the Casements great panes of Glasse, which is nothing else but Icecles hardned in the fire. Yeas? This cruell wretch hath put me into so ill a humour, that the August sunne will hardly purge me from Januaryes fleame. The least heat will make me say that winter is nature's cold fit, and Summer her feavour: for judge you if I complaine without a cause, and whether all these frozen fellowes (notwithstanding the liberality of the season that gives them as many pearls as nose-Drops) will not take me for a *Hercules* that pursues this Monster their enemy. What rigors doth he not every where Exercise? Under the Conduit you'll see the frozen tankard-bearer, compell his heart by blowing, to restore the life to his fingers ends, wch this Murderer hath taken away. The street walkers make more noise upon the stones then ordinary, because they have chilblaines at their heels, the  
 Revenging

Revengeing school Boy with a snow-ball in his hand, watches for his Companion at some corner, to dround his face in a peece of river. To conclude the Frost is so great, that every thing is taken, to our very cloaks, at ten at night the shivering sharke makes musique with his teeth under a Penthouse, and comforts himselfe with the sight of the first man that passes by, which he mistakes to be his taylor bringing him a sulte, when it shall please winter that hardhearted offendor to goe to Confession, here you have the examination of his conscience, one sinne onely excepted; for that is a Particular he shall never be absolved of, judge your selfe if it be not unpardonable; he jult now benum'd my fingers to perswade you that I was but a cold friend, since I tremble, now there's an occasion to declare my self,

*Sir, your Servant.*

*To the same.*

*2. For the Spring.*

SIR,

**W**Eepe no more; Faire weather is returned: The sunne is reconciled to mankind, and his heat hath made winter find his leggs, as benum'd as they were; he hath lent him onely strength enough to run away; and those long nights, that seemed to goe but a step in an hour (for being in the darke they durst not run) are as farre from us, as the first that layed Adam to sleep. The aire not long since so condens'd by the frost, that there was not room enough for the birds, seems now to be but a great Imaginary



space, where shrill Musicians (hardly supported by our thoughts) appeare in the skye like little worlds, ballanced by their proper Centre : there were no colds in the Country whence they came, for here they charter sweetly. Lord ! what a noise they make , doubtlesse they are at law for those lands , Winter at his death , made them heires of. This jealous old Tyrant not content to have rung all creatures , had frozen the very rivers that they might not produce so much as their Images ; and Maliciously turned the quicksilver of those running looking glasses towards them , which had so continued if the Spring at his returne had not rectified them. The Beasts now see themselves swim as they, runne along, the Linner and the Chaffinch re-produce themselves without loosing their Unity , they revive without dying , and wonder that so cold a neast in a Moment can hatch little ones as big as themselves. In fine, we are of opinion the earth is in a good humour ; we need now only make much of her favour: in troth by Winter's assistance she was become so hard hearted towards us, being vext to see her selfe plunder'd this Autumn, that, had not the heavens wept two Months in her bosome, she would never have binne mollified : but God be thanked, she hath forgot all our thefts, all her Care now is to devise some new fruits : she cloaths her selfe with short grasse to be the more easie for our feet, she sends nothing to our tables that doth not overflow with her milk. If she present us with Carterpillars , 'tis in the forme of wild Silke-wormes, and those great Beetles, which are little birds,



birds, shewes shee hath been so carefull, as to invent even play-things for our Children: she admires her owne riches, and can hardly perswade her selfe to be the Mother of all she brings forth. But a fortnight gone with Child she miscarries: of a thousand insects, and being not willing alone to enjoy so much of pleasure, she brings forth hasty births, and rough-cast Children, to be objects of her bounty. Would one not think that by making the Branches of our Forrests so thick with leaves, she had in a frolick carried (to make us sport) a whole field to the tops of our trees: but knowing that Excessive joyes are prejudicable, in this season she makes beans to Blossome that the feare of becoming fools may a little allay it. This is the only ill presage that she hath not drove from off the hemisphere. Nature brings forth in all places, and her Children as they are borne, play in their cradles. Consider the Zephyrus, which dares hardly breathe in fear, how she playes and courts the Corne. One would think the grasse the haire of the Earth; and this wind a combe that is carefull to untangle it. I think the very Sunne woes this season, for I have observed that where-soever he retires, he still keeps close to her. Those insolent Northern winds that braved us in the absence of this god of tranquillity (surprized at his coming) unites himselfe to his rayes, to obtaine his pardon by their caresses, and those that are greater offenders, hide themselves in his atomes, and are quiet, for feare of being discovered: all things that are not hurtfull, enjoy a free life, nay our very soul wanders beyond their Confines, to show she is not under restraint. I think nature's

ture's at a wedding, we see nothing but dances, feasts, and balls; and he that should seek a quarrell, would not have the contentment to find one, unlesse those that arises amongst the flowers contending for beauty, where 'tis possible you may see a bloody Pink newly come from combat, fall with wearinesse; there a rosebud, sweld by the ill successe of his antagonist blowes for joy; there the Lillies, that collosse amongst flowers, that curded Giant, proud to see his images triumph in the Lowre, raises himselfe above his fellowes, looks down upon them, and makes the Violet prostrate her selfe at his feet; which being jealous and angry, that she cannot rise to the same heighth doubles her sweetnesse, that our noses may give her that precedency which our eyes denies her; there a bunch of time humbles it self before the Tulip, because she beares a Chalice; in another place, the earth vext that the Trees carry the blossomes, and flowers, she hath crowned them withall, so high and remote from her refuses to give them any fruits till they have return'd him his flowers. Neverthelesse for all these little disputes and differences, I do not finde the Spring least pleasant and agreeable. The jolly country-lad swears by godsnigs hee'l outstrip his neighbours at the Maypole, The vineyard-keeper leaning on his bill smiles to see his vine weep. To conclude, Nature's example perswades me so much to pleasure, that all servitude and restraint being painfull, I am almost against my will,

*Sir,*

*Your servant,*

3. For

*3. For the Summer.*

**W**Hat would you not say of the Sun, if he had spoyled your own flesh, if you complain of him for having onely visited your meat, he hath made a great pot of the whole earth and hath kindled suell under it to make it boyle, he hath disposed the Winds round about as Bellows to keep it from going out, yet when he lights your Kitchin fire, you take it in dudgeon, he warms the waters, he distils and rectifies them, lest their crudities should hurt you, and yet when he drinks your health you scold at him. For my part, I know not henceforward what posture this poor god can put himself into, to please us : he sends the Birds to give us good-morrow, with their Musick, he hath warm'd our bathes, and doth not invite us to them till he hath first plunged himself in, to see if there be any danger. What could he adde to all these honours, unlesse to eat at our table ? And judge you what he seeks when he is never neerer our houses then at noon. After all this, Sir, do you complain that he dries up the humours of our Rivers ? alas, were it not for this attraction what would have become of us ? The floods, the Lakes and the fountains have sucked up all the water that made the earth fertile : and we are angry that to the hazard of giving the middle region the dropsie, hee undertakes to draine 'um, and walks the clouds those great watering-pots over us, with which he quenches the thirst of our fields at a season, in which he is so much

much taken with our beauties, that he endeavours to see us naked. I cannot imagine if hee did not attract a great quantity of water to cool his raies, how he could kisse us without burning us: but whatsoever we pretend, we have alwayes water enough to spare, for when the Canicular by his heat, leaves us but precisely enough for our necessities, hath he not taken care the Dogs should run mad, for feare they should drinke any from us? You likewise thunder against him for that he hath (you say) rob'd us of our very shadowes. He takes them from us, I grant you, but 'tis because he sees they take delight hourly to fright us: see how he climbs to the top of our Horizon to lay them at our feet, and to drive them underground from whence they came. Nevertheless how much soever he hates them, and as neer as they are to their end, if we interpose he gives them their life: therefore these daughters of the night run about us to be protected from the armes of the Sun, well knowing that he'll rather leave the victory ungotten, then resolve to kill them through our bodies. 'Tis not but that he is on fire for us all the year, and he shews it sufficiently, resting neither night nor day, but in summer. Nevertheless, his passion is quite another thing, he flames, he runs, and seems to descend from his circle, and indeavouring to hang about our neckes he goes so neer us, that notwithstanding the light essence of this god, the one halfe of mankind sweat & drop with carrying him: nevertheless we are troubled when hee leaves us, the Night sympathizing likewise with his complexion



plexion becomes cleare & hot ; because intending sodainely to return, the Sun left at his departure upon the horizon part of his retinue. The month of May indeed makes the fruits sprout & knits them and makes them grow ; but he leaves them a mortall sharpnesse that would choake us, if June did not sweeten them. Some perhaps will object that by his excessive heat he makes ashes of our hearbes, and afterwards poures upon them stormes of raine. But doe you not think he hath great reason ( seeing us so tan'd ) to buck us , and admit that he were so hot as to consume us, 'twould at least be a blessed signe of our peace with God , since formerly with his people he sent fire from heaven only on purified Victims. Besides, if he intended to burn us, he would not send the Dew to cool and refresh us, that blessed dew that makes us believe, by his infinite drops of light, that the torch of the world is in the dust in our fields, that a million of little heavens, are fallen upon the earth, or that it is the soul of the Universe, that knowing not what honour to render to his father, goes out to meet & receive him on the tops of odoriferous flowers. The Country-fellow he thinks they are silver-lice, false from the Sun's head which he combs in the morning; another while, he believes the sweat of the Aire corrupted by heat, hath bred these glittering wormes ; or takes it for the spittle that falls from the planets mouths as they sleep : To conclude, let it be what it will, it imports not. Were they amorous tears, her grief becomes her too well to afflict us : besides, this is a time that Nature puts all her treasures in-

into our powers; The Sun in person waites on the beds of *Ceres*, and every Eare of Corne seems a bakehouse of brittle and milky loaves which he hath taken the paines to bake. If any one complaines that his too long stay with us makes our leaves and fruits yellow, let them know, that this Monarque of the starres does it to make our Climate the garden of the Hesperides, by giving golden leaves to the trees as well as golden fruits: notwithstanding all this, 'tis to little purpose for him to heate himselfe in his zodiak with the Lyon, he cannot stay four and twenty houres with the Virgin, but hee'l be inamoured, hee'l every day grow colder, and at last how ever he leaves the title of virgin to the poor maide, hee'l come out of her bed so enervated and weakned that six Months will hardly recover him of his impotency. Oh how fearfull am I to see summer increase because I apprehend his decrease! tis he that sets at liberty the water, wood, metals, hearbs, and stones, that the frost had made prisoners, he appeases the coldnesse amongst them and reconciles and mediates betwixt them an exchange of Prisoners, he conducts peaceably each to his owne home. And to shew you that he separates the natures that are the most Joyned you and I being but the same thing, I never the lesse at this time consider my selfe apart from you, to avoid the impertinence of saying to my selfe that I am,

*Sir,*

*Your servant.*

4. *Against*



*To the same.*4. *Against Autumne.*

SIR,

**M**E thinks now, I could with a great deal of pleasure rail upon Autumn, if I feard not to incesse the Thunder. He is not content to kill us, but is unsatisfied if he employ not 3 different executioners for one Death, and kill us at once, by the Eyes, the Eares, and the Touch, that is, by Lightning, Thunder, and the Bolt; the Lightning is kindled, to extinguish our sight by too much light, and precipitating our lids on the apples of our Eyes, it passés us from two little nights, no bigger then a penny, into one as big as the Universe. The Aire, by its continuall agitation, inflames his Impostumes. In what part soever we turne our sight, a bloody Cloud seems to have drawn between us and the light, a darke gray Curtaine lin'd with red taffery. The Thunder, begotten in the Cloud bursts the belly of his mother, and the Cloud in hard labour is delivered with so much noise, that the most savage rocks are split at the Cries of this production. It shall not, though, be said that this furlie season speaks to me such high words that I dare not answer him; this insolent, to whose finnes there onely wanted this to impute to the Creator the crimes of nature, but if the injustice of 100 thousand Claps of thunder, were a production of the Inscrutable wisdom of God, it followes not for all this that the thundring season, that is the season destinated to punish offenders, should be more pleasant, then the rest, else you must conclude, that the sweetest time of a Criminalls life, is that of his Execution. I think that

that from this fatal Meteor, we may come to the wine, since that is a liquid Thunder, a potable wrath, a death that kills drunkards with health. 'Tis he, the tyrant that is the Cause, the Definition of *Rationale Animal* given by *Aristot's* of man, is fals, at least for them that drink too much. What think you, may one not say of a Taverne that 'tis a place where folly is sold by the bottle? and I doubt the vapors are ascended as high as the sun, which may be the reason he goes to bed a dayes so early. Some *Philosophers* of our age have swallowed so much of it, that it made the Earth turne round under them, and if she doth really move, I think they are reelings that drunkenness causes her to make. For my part, I am so great a hater of this poison, that although Aquavita be the stronger venome of the two, yet I pardon him because she is a witnessse to me that she hath made him give up his spirit. Thus we are in this season condemned to dye with thirst; & since our drink is poysoned, let us see if the food wch she spreads on the Earth as on a table, is lesse dangerous then her drink. Alas for one fruit that Adam Eate, too thousand persons dyed that were not yet born, and Nature forces the Tree to begin the Execution of his owne Criminall children, he throwes them against the ground with their heads foremost, the wind shakes and the Sun precipitates them. After this, Sir, you'l pardon me I hope, if I disapprove that it should be said, here is good harmlesse fruit; how can he be so that hath hanged himselfe? and if we consider likewise how the stones fly at them, have we not cause to doubt of their innocence? doe you not see also that the trees in  
producing

producing their fruits are carefull to encompasse them with leaves to hide them ; as if they wanted impudence to show their shamefull or Privy parts ; But consider also, how this horrible season uses the trees at her farewell, she lades them with wormes, spiders, and caterpillars ; and although she leaves them bald, yet she fills their heads with vermine, call you these gifts of a good Mother to her Children ? and doth she dese ve we should thank her when she hath taken away from us almost all our sustenance ? But her malice extends yet further, for she attempts to poison those, that are not dead with hunger, I speak nothing but what ile prove. Is it not true, that of all the things which are necessary for our use, none of them are remained pure but the aire : this step-Mother hath choakt it with contagion. See you not how she carries the plague a long with her, this disease without a taile, at whose taile death hangs, in most of the Cityes of the kingdome, how she overthrowes the Oeconomy of the Universe, the Society of men, covering with Purples miserable wretches on a dunghill ; & judge you if the fire she hath kindled against us be vehement, when one cole of it is sufficient to consume a man.

These Sir are the Treasures and Benefits of this adorable season, by which you thought to have found the secret of the Cornucopia. To say truth, doth shee not rather deserve Satyrs than Elogies ? and ought we not almost to hate the other season, because they are in her Company, and do follow, and go before her ? For my part, I do not doubt but one day this wicked one, wil corrupt all her Companions ; And indeed we already see that  
after

after his example, they have their particular waies of maiming us, and for the miseries they bring upon us, Winter makes us implore *St. John*, the spring *St. Mathurin*, the Summer *St. Hubert*, and Autumne *St. Poch*, for my part I know not what hinders me from procuring my own death, for vexation that I cannot live but under their government, but chiefly for that this accursed Autumne goes over my head every year to make me mad, She indeavours I think to engage her Sisters in her crimes. For to conclude Sir, big with thunders as we see him; would she not perswade us to believe, that they altogether compose a monster that barks with the feet, she for her part is a ravenous Harpuy that carries Ice in her mouth and fire in her taile; who saves her self from an embracement, by a deluge, and at fourscore dayes old is so passionately in love with Winter, for killing us, that she dies in his imbraces; but that which seemes to me most of all strange, is, that I have not all this while taxt him with his greatest crime; I mean the bloud that for many yeares he hath covered the face of *Europe* withall. I ought to have done it to punish him for that having been prodigall of his fruits to every body else, he has not as yet given me one, that can say to you after my death I am,

Sir, Your Servant.

THE



*The second Description of the Aquaduct or  
Fountaine of Arcueil.*

*5. To my friends, the Water-drinkers.*

**T**His Letter having been lost, the Author long after writ another, but having almost forgot the former, he lighted not on the same fancies. Since he found the lost-one, and being as he is no small enemy to labour and paines-taking, he thought not the subject worthy enough, to purge each other Letters from the conceptions that might be found in the other.

Sirs, Stand, stand! My head is the point of a River, I am under, at the very fadome without swimming, and yet I fetch my breath at ease, you may well judge that 'tis of *Arcueil* that I write you. The water here led in triumph marches in files by a regiment of stones; they have rear'd a hundred Portalls to receive her; and the King thinking that she was weary with comming on foot so farre, caused her to be usher'd lest she should fall. These extreame honours hath made her so proud, that she would not goe to *Paris*, if they did not carry her thither; Having got cold with lying so long upon the ground, she hath raised her self a higher bed, and 'tis held by tradition that this Aquaduct seemed so fair and stately to her, that she came thither of her selfe to walke for recreation: in the mean time she's shut in with foure walls. Is it perhaps that she hath been convicted of having

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formerly



formerly been in the Sea's company, in some shipwrack? It must be so, for here Justice is so severe, that the very Fountains are made to walke upright and strait, and the aire of the Citty is so contagious, that she cannot come neer it without getting the Stone. Notwithstanding these obstacles she hath such an itch to see it, that she rubbs her selfe for halfe a mile together against the Rocks, she thinks long till she counterfeits *Hippocrene* among the Muses of the University. She cannot hold her water, for longing to see how from the mountaines of *Rongx* in the aire, she pisses to the suburbs of *St. Germain*; she receives order from his Highnesse Royall of what visits she is to make: And for all the private threats that she murmurs out by the way: how formidable soever she appeares, *Luxembourg* hath no sooner spied her, but with one look only she disperses her on every side. Could Love indeed joyn *Arcueil* and *Paris* by a stronger bond then that of life? This Reptile is a bit for the Kings mouth: 'Tis a great sword that makes the water-bearers put on their belt, 'tis an immortall Snake, that shrinkes into her skin, still as she comes out on'r: 'tis an Artificiall impostume that cannot be broake without indangering *Paris*'s life, 'tis a Pye whose sauce has life: 'tis a Bone whose marrow walks; 'tis a liquid Serpent whose tail goes before his head: In fine, I think she is resolved to do nothing here but things that are impossible to be believed: She goes strait because shee's arched and bent: She corrupts not although she be in the grave; shee's alive under ground: She goes on the top of those valleys whose

whose doores are open; she hits her way in the darke, and runs wihall her force without falling. Wel Sirs, after all these miracles deserves she not to be Canonized at Paris under the names of St. *Cosme*, St. *Benoist*, St. *Michell*, and St. *Severin*? Who would think in the mean time, that a foot's bredth measures the destiny of a whole people? By this you may know what honour'tis to you that I who can, when I please, stop that liquor which quenches the thirst of so many hottest men at *Paris*, and that can every day be served before the King, should yet descend so low as to file my self,

*Sirs,*

*your Servants.*

*De Bergerac.*

6. *Another on the same Subject.*

*Sirs,*

A Miracle, a Miracle! I am at the bottom of the water and yet cannot find drink; I have a whole River upon my head; and yet I have not lost my footing! In fine, I find my self in a Country where fountains flye, and where Rivers are so dainty that they go over bridges for fear of wetting themselves: 'Tis no Hyperbole, for if you consider the great Arches upon which she marches in triumph, you would think that she's got upon Scaffolds to see the further, and take notice in what places in *Paris* she's most needfull; they are like so many Bowes from which she lets flye a thousand silver liquid shafts against thirst. But Now, she was bare bricked upon the ground; And at present there she

C 2

walks

walkes upon stately Galleries, she carries her head even as high as the Mountains; And do not believe that her stature is the worse because she is vaulted; I know not whether our Citizens take this Arch for the Arck of the Covenant, But I am sure were it not for hir, they'd be all faine to make their last. She in favour of them enhances upon Natures strength, she doth things impossible for them, and runns two leagues together with dead leggs, that she cannot stirre; to see her spurt up as she doth, one would think that after a long contest with the Globe of the earth that lay heavy upon her, finding her selfe eased of a suddain, she cannot contain her selfe and continues in the aire whether she will or no, by the swing that she gave; But what's the reason that at *Rongy* where shee's onely troubled with a little gravell in her reines, she Urines but by drops, and that in *Arcueil*, where she is troubled with the stone, she pisses over mountaines. Besides, this is nothing, she doth otherguise miracles; she continually glides out of her skin, yet can never get quite out of it; & more learn'd then the Doctors of *Hippocrates's* profession, she cures with a look only, every day at *Paris* above four hundred thousand thirsts. She growes cold with running, she buries her selfe alive, in a Tombe that she may live the longer; Is it not her beauty that obliges her to hide her selfe from the sunne for fear of being stolen away; or that having found her selfe courted in the Country, shee's grown so proud, that she will not goe unlesse she be carried. I know that she cannot be taxed of having too much vent, running as she  
doth

doth in a stone pitcher (where so much as a ray of light cannot get in) yet I question her wisdom, in going over the tops of doors that are open: But perhaps I blame her wrongfully, for I speak of this piece of Architecture, without understanding truly what it is, 'tis perhaps a petrified Cloud, a great Bone whose Marrow runs, a solid rainbow, that pisses water in *Arcueil* to powre it into this Citty, A paste for Fishes that hath too much sauce, a Nayade in lead that hath the fluxe, An Apothecary that gives the University glister: In fine, the mother-Nurse of a whole Citty, the Cocks being the teates that she gives us suck by: since then so long an Imprisonment hath so disguised her that we cannot know her, let us goe a little neerer, and view her as she comes out of her mothers belly; good gods! how sweet she is, how fresh a complexion, and how smooth a face she hath: I hear her prattling with the gravell, and seemes by her pretty lisping desirous to learn the language of the Country: look neerer do you not see her oft streacht at her whole length in this marble Bason; she reposes, and yet swells under the drops of her source, as if she indevoured to suck her Nurce's breast as she sleeps: you'll not find in her so much as one fish; for the pretty little one is too young yet to have Children; 'tis not however for want of knowledge, for with her birth she received a naturall light of good and evill; and to make it appeare to you, none never comes neere her, but she presently shewes them plainly their deformities, or their perfecti-  
ons. At her Age however, because her features are yet shapelesse, 'tis hard to discern whether it be



not a light off four foot square, or an eye of the earth that weeps. No 'tis not, I am deceived, she is too lively to resemble things that are dead, 'Tis doubtlesse the Queen of the fountaines of this Country, and her royall mind may be observed by her extraordinary liberality. For she never receives a visit from any Ladies but she makes them a present of their picture; and in recompence she hath received from heaven the gift of miracles: 'tis not a thing that I invent to make out her Panegyricke; come neer to her side, and you'l see, that, like that sacred fountaine which deified them that bathed, she makes bodies without substance, plunges them into the water without wetting them, and shewes us men that live with her without the use of respiration: and yet these are things she doth when she sleeps; & hardly hath she reited so long as while you may goe four steps, but she quits her Inne, and stayes not till she hath received a favourable look from *Paris*: her first visit is to *Luxembourg*, shee's no sooner arrived there, but she casts her self at his Highnesse Royal's feet, and seems by her murmuring to ask of him in the River's Language what houses she must go to. Shee's come hither in such haste, that shee's all of a water, and having not had the time to light by the way, she is forced to pisse in the Basen before every body, at the Palace of *Orleans*. In the mean time, 'tis to little purpose that she quarrels with our spouts, and sheds torrents of teares to move us to pity her toyl. Ingratitude is so prodigiously great now a dayes, that the thirsty ones make mouths at her, abundance of Rogues pompe her;



her; and every one is glad to see her bepisse her self. One cries that she is very unmannerly to make such haste to come and lodge with the Citizens to pisse in their mouths: others, That she had need walke with so much state indeed; to come and make nothing but fair water at *Paris*: others, That her impudence is very great to stretch out her necke at such a length, only to spit in our faces: some others say, That she is very sick, that she cannot hold her water: In fine, not so much as those that seem to kisse her but grind their teeth at her. For my part, I wash my hands, for I have many examples before my eyes, of the punishments of Drunkards that slight her. Nature her selfe, that is Mother of this faire Nymph, it seems, fearing that any thing should be wanting in the state of her reception, gave mankind Palaces to receive her in: but this fair one doth not abuse the honours that are done her; contrarywayes hardly is she got to *Paris*, but finding her selfe at the extreamity, by reason of her too long Journey, and foreseeing her end drawes neer, she runs to *St. Casme*, *St. Benoit* and *St. Severin*, to obtaine their Benediction. This is all I can say in praise of that stately Aqueduct, and of her Hospital. My good friends, well then, who wants water, will you have any Gentlemen? I'll warrant it fountain, upon my life, and you know that I am,

your Servant.

## 7. Upon the shadow of Trees in the water.

SIR,

**L**ying on my belly upon the green banck of a river, and my back strecht, under the branches of a Willow that views himselfe in it, I see the history of *Narcissus* renewed in the trees, a hundred poplars tumble a hundred other poplars into the stream, and these Aquatiques were so frighted at the fall, that they tremble still every day for feare of a wind that touches them not. I imagine, that night having made all things black, the Sun plunged them in the river to wash them. But what shall I say of this liquid Glasse, this little world turn'd topsie-turvy, that places the Oakes under the mosse, and the heavens lower then the Oaks? Are they not of those virgins formerly Metamorphos'd into Trees, that still finding their Chastity violated by the kisses of *Apollo*, desperately cast themselves into the floud with their head foremost; Or is it not *Apollo* himselfe, who, offended that they durst keep the aire from him, hath thus hanged them by the feet. Now the fish walke in the woods, and whole Forrests in the midst of the water without wetting themselves: there's an old Elme amongst the rest, would make you laugh, which doth almost loll on the other side, to the end that his Image taking the same posture, he might make of his body and his shadow an Angle for the fish: the river is not ingratefull to the willowes for their visites; she hath made the universe bo'd through transparent, lest the down of her head, should foule their branches;

and

and not content to have made cryſtall with mud, ſhe hath vaulted the heavens & the Planets underneath, that it might not be ſaid, that thoſe that viſited her, were deprived of the light which they forſook for her. Now we may look downe on the heavens, and by her the light may brag, that as weak as ſhe is at four in the morning, he has the power to precipitate the heavens into the Deep: But admire the power that the lower region of the ſoul exerciſes upon the higher. After having diſcovered, that all theſe wonders are but deluſions of the ſenſe, I cannot for all hinder my ſight, from taking this Imaginary Firmament for a great Laque, on which the Earth floates. The Nightingale who from the top of a bough ſees himſelfe in it, believes he's fallen into the river; he is on the top of an Oake and yet is afraid of being drowned, but after having freed himſelfe by his eyes and his feet, from feare; his picture then ſeeming a Rivall, come to combate, he chatters, and warbles, and that other Nightingale to his thinking, ſilently does the ſame, and coſen the Soul with ſo many Charms, that one would fancy he ſung purpoſely to be heard by our eyes, I think he by motion chatters and ſends no ſound at all to the ear, that he may at the ſame time answer his enemy, and that he may not infringe the lawes of that Country he inhabires, whoſe people are dumb: the Pearch, the Trout, and the Goldenie, that ſee him, know not whether it be a fiſh cloathed with feathers, or a bird deſtited of his body; they gather about him, and look on him as a Monſter; and the Pike, the Tyrant of Rivers, jealous to ſee a ſtranger in his Throne, ſeeks him; when he hath found

found him, touches him and yet cannot feel him, runs after him when he's upon him, and wonders that he hath so often passed by him without doing him any hurt. I my selfe remaine so much amazed that I am forc'd to quit this description. I beseech you suspend his Condemnation, since 'tis difficult to judge of a shadow: for although my Enthusiasms should have the reputation to be very cleer, yet 'tis not impossible that the light of this may be dull, having been taken in the shade. Besides, what more can I add to the description of this illuminated Image, unlesse that it is a visible Nothing, a spirituall Camelion, a darknesse that the night kills, a debate betwixt our reason and our Eyes, a privation of light, that the light produces: In fine, that 'tis a slave that is no more wanting of master then the end of my letters are of,

SIR,

*your Servant.*

### 8. Of a Cypresse Tree.

SIR,

**I**T was my designe to have sent you the description of a *Cypresse*, but this is onely the rough draught, because it is so sharp that the keenest wit dare not undertake it. His colour, and forme, makes me think of a Lizard turn'd upside downwards, which stings the heavens at the same time he bites the Earth; If there be among trees as among men diversity of trades, seeing this ladder with awles instead of leaves makes me believe he is the Trees shoo-maker. I hardly dare bring my Imagination neer his prickly needles for fear of being

provok't

provok't to say too much ; of 10 thousand lances he makes but one , without joyning them : one would think it a shaft that the univertie in rebellion darts at heaven , or a great naile with which nature fastens the empire of the living to that of the dead : this Obelisk, this Dragon-tree, whose taile is at his head, seems to me a more commodious Piramid then that of *Mausolus*: for instead of carrying the dead Corps, as they did, into that; this is carried to the buriall of the dead. But I prophane the Adventure of young *Cyparissus* the beloved of *Apollo*, to make him act the persons of those monuments, unworthy and below him. This poore Metamorphosis still remembers the Sun, he bursts his Sepulchre, and rising, whers himselfe , that he may pierce the heavens, and the sooperative at his beloved: he would have bin there before this, but that the earth his Mother holds him by the foot, *Phobus*, to make him gratifie him, makes him one of his vegetals, to whom all the seasons beare respect: the heats of the summer daie nor hurt him , he being their Master's minion; the winter frosts feare him as a thing the most fatal in the world , so that were it not for Crowning the heads of Conquerours or Lovers , he is no more obliged to uncoife, than the Laurell or the Myrtle at the yeare's farewell. The Ancients who knowing this Tree to be the soul of the *Parks* brought it to the funeralls, to awe death with the feare of losing her household-stuffe. This is all I can say to you of the body & branches of this tree. I would now end with the top that I might conclude with a point of wit, but I am so unhappy, that I should not find water in the sea.



I am upon a point, and yet cannot see it, because perhaps it hath put out my eyes. Consider a little I beseech you, how, to escape my fancy, lie pines away in his birrh; he becomes lesse by growing, and I would say, he were a fixt river, that glides along in the Aire, did he not contract himselfe by running; and if it were not more probable that he is a Pike on fire whose flame is Greene. Thus I force the *Cypresse*, that fatal tree, that delights it self onely in shady groves, to represent fire; for 'tis but reasonable, that he should be once a preface of good, and that by him I may daily remember when I see him, that furnishing me with matter for a Letter, he was the cause that I had the honour, ending, to write my self,

S I R, *your Servant.*

*9. Of a Tempest.*

S I R,

**H**OWever I am here very softly lodged, yet I am not much at Ease; the more I am rockt the lesse I sleepe; round about us the hills groane at the shock of the Incounter; the sea becomes pale with anger, the winds whistle against our cables, the water squirts salt upon our Decks, whilst our Anchor and Sailes are drawne up: already the passengers Leranies are mixt with the Mariner's blasphemies. Our vows are interrupted with hicups, certain ambassadors of a painfull deglutition. Good god! all nature assaults us, nay our very hearts and stomachs rise up against us; the sea spues on us, and we vomit on him. One

Wave

wave alone doth ſometimes ſo generally incloſe us, that whoſoever ſhould conſider us from the ſhoare, would take our Ship for a houſe of glaſſe in which we are ſat : the ſea lances purpoſely to ſwell into unhandſome ſhapes to repreſent to us the draught of a Church-yard ; and when I give attention, I fancy to my ſelfe that I diſtinguiſh (as proceeding from under the Ocean) from amongst the dreadful hollowing of the waters, ſome verſes of the dead mans prayer-book : Nor is the water our only enemy; the heavens are ſo fearefull that we ſhould eſcape , that they draw up a Squadron of Meteors againſt us , he leaves not ſo much as one Atom of the aire, that is not imployed as a hail-ſtone againſt us; the Comets ſerve as Torches to celebrate our funerals; all the Horizon is but a piece of red Iron : the thunders diſturb our ears like a piece of rent camelot ; and ſeeing the Cloud ſo bloudy and big as ſhe is, one would think ſhe were tumbling on us, not thunderbolts but whole mount *Atina*. Oh god ! are we of ſuch conſequence, as to breed emulation between the Elements, which ſhall firſt deſtroy us? 'Tis then out of deſigne, that the water mounts as high as the hands of *Jupiter*, to extinguish the flames of lightnings, and deprive the fire of the honour of deſtroying us. But not ſatisfied with this, ſwallowing us up in the great hollow , ſhe hath made in her breaſt, juſt as ſhe ſees our Veſſel ready to ſplit againſt a rock, ſhe claps between and brings us off, leſt that other Element ſhould ſhare in that victory ſhe alone pretends to. Thus we are ſick at heart to ſee our Enemies diſpute the

the honour of a defeat, where our lives are to be the spoiles; she is sometimes so bold, to daube the Azure of the firmament with her foame, and to carry us so high amongst the starres, that *Jason* may perhaps think, that 'tis the Ship *Argo* beginning a second voyage: then darting of us to the very sand of her bed we rebound to the light in so quick an instant, that there is none of us, but believes when our ship is got up again, that she hath past through the whole masse of the world, and is got on the Sea at th' other side: alas where are we! The insolence of this storm spares not the very Alcyons nests, the Whales are stifled in their own proper Element. The Sea indeavours to make us a tilt of our boate. There's onely the Sun that doth not joyne in this assassinat. Nature hath blinded him with a dish-clout of great clouds, for fear he should see it. Or else he being resolved not to participate of this base action, and being not in his power to remedy it, he got to the flying River side, and waihes his hands of it. O you neverthelesse to whom I write, know that sinking I drinke downe my own error; for I should be still at *Paris* in health, if when you command me to keep on *terra firma*, I had been,

your

Obedient Servant.

### 10. For a Red-Lilly.

M A D A M,

**I** Well know that we live in a Country, where opinions of the vulgar are so unreasonable, that Red-hair, a coulour that is an honour to the fairest

fairest heads, is in great contempt: but I know very well likewise, that these stupids, that are animated but with the froath of reasonable souls, cannot judge as they ought of things excellent because of the great distance that is betwixt the lownesse of their fancy, and high excellence of those works of which they ignorantly give their judgement. But whatever be the false opinion of this hundred-headed-monster, permit me to speak of your divine Haire like a man of understanding. Glorious fruit of the essence of the most beautifull visible Beeing! intelligent reflection of the radicall fire of nature! Image of the Sun, the most perfect! I am not so brutish as to mistake for my Queen, the daughter of him that my Ancestors acknowledged for their god. *Athens* bemoaned the fall of her Crown, in the ruine of *Apollo's* temp's. *Rome* ceased to command the world, when she denied incense to the light: and *Bizantium* first began to enslave mankind, when she tooke for her Arms those of the Sun's Sister: As long as *Persia* did homage to this universall spirit, for the rayes that she held from him, 4 thousand yeares could not make old the vigor of her Monarchy; but being ready to see his Images broken, he took sanctuary in *Pequin* from the abuses of *Babylon*. At present, the Sun's unwilling to warme other lands then that of *China*; and I fear one day hee'll fix himself on their Hemisphere, if he can, & not coming to us, give them the four seasons. Nevertheless, *Madam, France*, by the power that your face gives her, is as able as was *Jessna*, to chain him up, your triumphs like to the victories of this Hero's;

are

are too glorious to be hid in darknes; hee'l sooner breake his promise with mankind then not so place himselfe, as he may alwayes at ease behold the worke, of his works the most perfect : see how by his love the last Summer he warmed the Signes with a heat so long and vehement, that he had almost burnt the one halfe of his houses; and without consulting the Almanacke, we could never distinguish the Winter from Autumn by reason of his gentlenesse, because that beng impatient to see you he could not resolve to continue his voyage so farre as the Tropick. Do not think that this discourse is an Hyperbole; if heretofore *Clymene's* beauty made him come down from heaven, the beauty of *M.* is considerable enough to make him goe out of his way. The equality of your ages, the conformity of your bodies, the resemblance perhaps of your humours, may well kindle in him that noble fire; but if you are daughter of the Sun, adorable *Alexis*, I am to blame to say your father is in love with you: he loves you indeed and the passion that disquiets him, is the flame which made him lament the misfortune of his *Phaeton* and his Sisters, not that which made him shed teares at the decease of his *Daphne*. This fire that he burnes with, for you, is that with which he formerly burned the whole world, not that flame with which he himself was burnt; he dayly beholds you with tenderness & tremblings, which brings to his memory the dyfaster of his Eldest Sonne; he sees none on earth but you in which he knowes himselfe; if he viewes you walking, Behold, sayes he, the generous confidence,  
with



with which I came to encounter the Serpent *Python*; if he hears you discoursing of some delicate matters; Thus, saith he, I speak upon *Parnassus* with my sisters. In fine, this good father knowes not, in what manner to expresse that joy which transports him, when he imagines that he begot you: He is young, as you; you are fair, like him; his temperature and yours is all of fire; he distributes life and death to mankind, and your eyes do the same things as his; you have red hair like him. I was just here in my letter, adorable *M.* when a censorious person, contrary to reason, snatch'd away my pen, and told me, That I had undertaken amisse in my Panegyrick, to extoll a young person for beauty, because she was red-haired. I not knowing how more sensibly to punish this proud thing, then by silence, took another pen, and went on thus.

A brave head, covered with red hair, is nothing else, but the Sun in the midst of his rayes; or the Sun himself is onely a great eye; under a red Periwig; yet all the world speaks ill of it, because few have the honour to be so. And among a hundred Ladies, you shall hardly find one, because they being sent from heaven to command, it's necessary, there should be more subjects then Sovereigns. Do we not see, that all things in nature are more or lesse noble, according as they are more or lesse red; amongst the Elements, he that contains the most essence, and the least matter or substance, is the Fire, because of his colour; Gold hath received of his dye, the honour to reign over the Mettalls; and of all the Planets, the Sun is most considerable, onely because he

is most red; the hairy Comets that flie up and  
 do w<sup>n</sup> the skies, at the death of Heroes, are they  
 not the red mustachoes of the gods, that they  
 pluck off for griefe? *Castor* and *Pollux*, those lit-  
 tle fires, that make seamen foretell the end of a  
 storm, can they be any thing else, then the red  
 hairs of *Juno*, which she, in token of love,  
 sends to *Neptune*? In fine, had it not been for the  
 desire men had, to possesse the fleece of a red  
 sheep, the glory of thirty demy-gods would be  
 in the cradle of those things, that never were  
 born. And (a ship being yet but a reasonable in-  
 vention) *Americus* would not have told us, that  
 the world hath 4 parts. *Apollo*, *Venus*, and *Love*,  
 the fairest divinities of the Pantheon, are crimson  
 red; and *Jupiter* is brown but by accident, be-  
 cause of the smoak of his thunder, which hath  
 blackt him. But if the examples of Mythologie  
 do not satisfie the obstinate, let them consult Hi-  
 story. *Sampson*, whose strength hung at his locks,  
 did he not receive his miraculous energy from  
 the rednesse of his hair? Did not the destinies make  
 the conservation of the Empire of *Athens* de-  
 pend upon one red hair of *Nisus*? And God, would  
 he not have sent the light of Faith to the *Æthiopi-  
 ans*, if he could have found amongst them but  
 one red? One would not doubt of the excellency  
 of those persons, if one considered, that all men  
 that were not made by men, and for whose for-  
 ming God himself chose and kneaded the sub-  
 stance, were red. *Adam*, that was created by Gods  
 own hand, ought to be the most accomplisht of  
 men, he was red. And all perfect Philosophy  
 ought to teach us, that Nature, which inclines to

the most perfection, alwaies endeavours in forming a man, to make a red one, just as she aspires to make Gold, by making of Mercury, but that she seldom hits upon it. An Archer is not esteemed unskilfull, who letting thirty arrowes flie, but five or six hits the mark. As the best ballanced Constitution is that, which is between flegmatick and melancholly, one must needs be very happy, to hit exactly an indivisible point. The flaxen and the black are besides it, that is to say, the fickle and the obstinate; between both is the medium, where wisdom, in favour of red men, hath lodged verree, so their flesh is much more delicate, their blood more pure, their spirits more clarified, and consequently, their intellect more accomplished, because of the perfect mixture of the 4 qualities. This is the reason, why red men become not so soon grey, as those that are black, as if Nature were angry and unwilling to destroy that, which she took a pleasure in making. In troth, I seldom see a flaxen head of hair, but I think of a distaff ill periwig'd. But I grant, that fair women, when they are young, are pleasing; but as soon as their cheeks begin to grow woolly, would one not think, that their flesh divides it self into little threads, to make them a beard. I speak not of black beards, for 'tis well known, if the devill weare any, it cannot be but very dark. Since then we must all become slaves to beauty, is it not far better to be deprived of our freedom by golden chains, then by hempen cords, or iron fetters? For my part, all that I desire, O my fair M. is, that walking of my liberty up and down those golden Labyrinths, that serve you for hair,

I may soon lose it, and all that I wish for is when I have once lost it, never to Recover it againe, would you but promise me my life shall not exceed my servitude, and that you would not be angry that till death I stile my self.

*Your I know not what.*

## II. Of a Country house.

SIR,

I Have found the Paradise of Eden, I have found the golden Age; I have found the perpetuall spring: In fine, I have found Nature in swadling clouts; one laufs here withall ones heart; the Country Cow-keeper and I am cozengermanes, and the whole Parish makes me believe that one day with a little paines taking I shall be able to teach Robin Good-fellow to whistle. O Good Sir, how can such a *Philosopher* as you, preferre the vanity, the troubles, and the Confusions of a court, to such a quiet Retirement Ah? Sir if you knew that a Country Gentleman is a disguised Prince, that hears the King spoke of but once a yeare, and knowes him not, but by some old Cousenship; and if from that Court where you are, your eyes were good enough to diserne here the fat-fellow that keeps your Pigs, on his belly lying in the grasse, quietly snoring a nap of ten houres all of one piece, cure himselfe of a burning feaver by eating a quarter of Rusty bacon, you would confesse that the sweetnesse of a quiet life cannot be injoyed under a guilded sieling, Return then I beseech you to your solitude; for



my part I believe that 'tis quite lost in your Memory: without doubt you have quite forgotten it. But in troth, doth there yet remaine in your Memory any darke Idea of this enchanted Palace, from which you have banisht your selfe? Ah I see there doth not, I must send you a draught of it in my Letter. Harken to it then, this is it; for 'tis a Picture that speakes. Oh! at the doore of the house you meet a starre with five accesses or passages; the Oakes that compose it makes one, with exasie, admire the excessive height of their tops, raising ones eyes from the Root to the Culmen; then precipitating them down againe. One doubts whether the earth beares them, and whether or no they carry not the Earth at their roots: you would think that their proud heads are forced to bend under the weight of the Heavenly globes, which burthen they with groaning support; their armes, strecht toward heaven, embracing it, seemes to beg of the starrs their Influences altogether pure, and to receive them before they have at all lost of their innocence: In the bead of the elements, there on every side the flowers, having had no other Gardener but nature vent a sharp breath that quickens and satisfies the smell. The sweet innocence of a Rose on the Eglantine, and the glorious Azure of a violet under the sweet briars, leaving us not the liberty of choice, makes us judge that they are both one fairer then the other. The spring there composes all the seasons, there no venomous plant buds, but her birth soon betrays her safety, there the brooks Relate their travells to the pibbles, there a thousand feather'd voyces makes the Forrest Ring with the musick of  
D 3 their



their songs, and the sprightfull assembling of these Melodious throats is so generall, that every leafe in the wood seemes to have taken the shape and the tongue of a Nighringale, sometimes you shall heare'em merrily tickle a Consort, another while thay'le drag, and make their Musick languish; by and by thaile passionate an elegie by interrupted sobbs; and then againe soften the violence of their voyces, more tenderly to excite Pity, and at last raise their harmony; and what with their Crotchets and Warbling, send forth their lives and their voyces together. Echo is so delighted with it, that she seemes to repeat their aires onely that she may learne them; and the Rivolets jealous of their Musique, as they fly away grumble, much troubled that they cannot equall them. On the side of the Castle two walkes discover themselves whose continued green frames an Emeraud too big for the sight: the confused Mixture of colours that the Spring fastens to a million of flowers scatters the changes of one another; and their tincture is so pure that one may well judge that they get so close one to another, onely to escape the amorous kisses of the wind that courts them. One would now take this meddow for a very Calme sea; but when the least *Zephyrus* comes to wanton there, 'tis then a proud Ocean full of waves, whose face furrowed with frownes, threatens to swallow up those little fooles: but because this sea discovers no shoare, the Eye as affrighted to have run so long without finding any coast, quickly dispatches the thought, and the thought being doubtfull too that that which is the end of his  
sight

light is the End of the world, doth almost persuade himselfe that this place is so full of Charms that it hath forced the heavens to unite themselves to the Earth. In the midst of this, so vast and yet so perfect Carpet, runnes in with silver bubbles and streams a rustick fountaine, who sees the Pillowers of his head enameled with Jessemynes, Orange trees, and Mirtles, and the little flowers that throng round about, would make one believe they dispute who shall view himselfe in the streame first, seeing her face so young and smoothe as 'tis, which discovers not the least wrinkle, tis easie to judge she is yet in her mothers Breast, and those great Circles with which she binds and twines her selfe by reverting so often upon her selfe, witnesseth that, 'tis to her griefe and against her will, that she finds her selfe obliged to go from her native home: but above all things I admire her modesty, when I see her (as ashamed to be courted so neere her mother) murmur and thrust back the bold hand that touches her. The Traveller that comes hither to refresh himselfe hanging his head over the water, wonders 'tis broad day in his Horizon when he sees the sunne in the Antipodes, and never hangs over the bank but hees affraied to fall into the firmament, I could be content to be carried with this fountain into the belly of that pool that devours it; but 'tis so vaste and profound, that I doubt whether my Imagination could save it self by swimming. I'll omit the other particulars of your little Fountaine bleau, since she hath formerly charm'd you as well as my selfe, and that you know her better; but know neverthelesse that I'll show you some-

what in her that is new, even in your Painters Inventions. Resolve then once to distintangle your selfe from the troubles of *Paris*: your steward sweares hee'l not kill the brawler till you returne, he is resolved to make you lay aside that gravity which you dominere over the people withall, in your Illustrious Offices. Last night at table after having a little trinque, he told us that if you spoake to him by Thou, he would answer you with Thee, and doubt not but he will, since he had the boldnesse to maintaine, that I was a fool because that you paying me no wages, I said I was,

*Your obedient servant,*

### 21. For Witches.

SIR,

SINCE I had the honour to see you, there is so strange an adventure arriv'd me, that to give any credit to it, you must have much more faith then that Person, who, by the strength of his, removed Mountaines. To begin then my story, you must know that yesterday being on my bead wearied with giving attention to that foolish book that you heretofore so commended, I went forth a walking to dissipate the vaine and ridiculous Imaginations, which the dark gibbrish Gallimatias of the Sciences had filld me withal: & as I labour'd to free my thoughts from the memory of those obscure tales, being got farre into your little wood, after a quarter of an houres walks, as I thought, I perceived a broom staffe that came and thrust it selfe between my legs, and made me, in  
spight

spight of my teeth bestride him, and presently I felt my selfe fly through the empy aire; and now without remembring the place where I was taken up, I find my selfe upon my feet in the midit of a desert, where I can find no Path. I returned upon my footsteps, but this solitude was a new world to me, I resolv'd to discover further, but (not seeing at all any obstacle) t'was in vaine to strive against the aire; my efforts made me onely find an Impossibility of getting forwards, at last much wearied I fall on my knees, and that which did further occasion my wonderment, was, that in a moment noon was turn'd to mid-night, I saw the starres shine in the firmament with a bleuish fire: the Moon was in her full, but much paler then ordinary, she was thrice eclipt and thrice went below her Circle; the winds were Paralytick, the fountains were mute, the birds had forgot their Chatterings, the fishes thought themselves encompass't in glasse, all Creatures had no more Motion then was necessary for them to expresse their feare by. The horror of an astonishing silence, that govern'd in all places, made Nature seeme to be in suspence of some terrible accident, my fear began to be as great as that which the face of the Horizon appeared troubled withall, when, by Moon-light I saw coming out of a vast Grot, a tall and venerable old man, cloathed in white, with a swarthy face, his Eye-browes thick and long, a wall and frightfull Eye, his beard throwne over his shoulder, on his head he had a hat of verveine, and about him a girdle of May-fearne woven in tresses, upon his gowne neere his heart was fastned a Bat halfe dead, and about his neck



neck he wore a collar set with seven severall precious Stones; each of which wore the Character of that Planet that govern'd them. Thus Mystically drest and carying in his left hand a triangular Vial full of dew, and with his right a sappy Elder Rod, one end of which being well tipt with a mixture of all mettalls, the other served as a Handle to a little Censer; he kist the flore of his Grot, and after having pulled off his shoes, he grumbling, brought out certaine words, from the bottome of his stomack, he went backward under an old Oake, foure foot from which he drew three Circles one within another, and the earth Obedient to the commands of this Nigromancer trembling put her selfe into those figures which he intended to have made in her: he wrote in it the names of the Intelligences, as well of the age, as of the yeare, the season of the months, of the weekes the dayes, and hours, in their different characters each in their proper place, and centre, every one of them with their particullar Ceremonies. This finisht, he put his glasse in the midst of the circles, opened it, put the small sharpe end of his Rod between his teeth, lay downe with his face turn'd to the East, and fell a sleepe. About the midst of his sleepe, I saw five searne seeds fall into the viall, which when he waked he took out and put one in each eare, apother in his mouth the forth he put againe into the glasse, and the fifth he threw out of the Circles; but hardly was it out of his hand when I saw it encompassed by a Million of *Male-ominous* creatures, as well Insects as others; he toucht with his rod an Owle, a Fox, and a Mouſe, which instantly came into the  
Circles



Circles, making a frightfull noise; with a brasse knife he ript open their stomacks, and took out their hearts, which he wrapt up in three Bay-leaves, and swallowed them; he took away the liver, which he squeezed into a hexagonall vessell: This ended, he reiterated the suffumigations, he mixt the dew and the blood together in a bason, dipt in it a glove of virgin-parchment, which he put on his right hand; and after four or five horrible houlings, he closed his eyes, and began the Invocations.

He did hardly stirr his lips, neverthelesse I heard in his throat a humming, as of many voices mixt together: He was raised from the ground about a palm, and ever now and then he would fix his eyes upon the nail of his left fore-finger; his face was much inflamed, and he more disquieted. After many gaste full contortions, groaning, he fell on his knees; but no sooner had he pronounc'd three words of a certain prayer, but he became more strong then a man, and without wagging, stood the monstrous shock of a most horrible wind, that blowed against him, sometimes in sudden blasts, and sometimes like a whirlwind; this wind seem'd to endeavour, to make him go out of the Circles. After this, the three Circles went round under him, there followed a storm of hail as red as blood, and this gave place to a fourth much more terrible; 'twas a torrent of fire, that cracked as it turned round, and divided it self into globes, each of which burst in pieces, with great claps of thunder.

*This*

This was the last ; for a fair light, white and clear, dissipated these sad Meteors. In the very midst appeared a young man, his right leg was on an Eagle, and the other on a Lynx, who gave to the Magitian three Vials, full of I know not what liquor. The Magitian presented him with three hairs, one pluck'd from his forehead, the other two from his temples. He was struck on the shoulder with a little wand that this spirit held, and then every thing vanisht. This was, when the Stars, grown pale by the arrivall of the Sun, joyn'd colour with the Heavens. I was just going to seek out my village, but the Magitian having spied mee, drew neer to the place where I was ; although he walk'd very slowly, yet he was got to me before I saw him wag ; he laid so cold a hand upon mine, that it was benum'd a great while after ; he neither opened his eyes, nor his mouth : And in this deep silence, he led mee over some fields, under the dreadful ruines of an old uninhabited Castle, where the Ages for this thousand years, have been labouring to carry the Chambers into the Cellars. As soon as we were got in, Boast thy self, said he, (turning himself to me) to have seen face to face the Sorcerer *Agrippa*, whose soul by *Metempsychosis*, heretofore inspired the learned *Zoroastres*, King of the *Bactrians* : Since (almost an Age) I vanish'd from amongst men, I have here preserved my self with *Aurum Potabile* in health, that no disease ever yet disturb'd me. Every twenty years I swallow a quantity of that universall Medicine which renews my youth, & restores to my body the forces it hath lost. If thou didst consider,

der, the three Vials that were presented me by the King of the fiery Dæmons. The first of them is full of it, the second of powder of projection, and the third of oyle of bones: In fine, thou art much obliged to me, since I have made choice of thee, from amongst all mortall men, to assist in these mysteries, which I celebrate but once in 20 years. 'Tis (by my Charms) in my Power at my pleasure, to render a Country fruitful or barren, I stir up warres by breeding dissention among those Genius's that governe Kings, I teach the shepherd the wolfs Pater-noster, and to the Cunning men how to turne the sieve; I send *St. Hermes* fire (Jack in a lanthorn) to the Marches and Rivers to drown travellers, I make the Fairies to dance by moon-light, I encourage the Gamblers to look under the Gallouse for the foure of clubs. I send at midnight the ghosts out of the Church-yard, wrapt in a sheet, to demand of their heires the performance of those vowes and promises they made to them at their deaths; I command the spirits to haunte the uninhabited Castles, and to strangle those that come to lodge there, till some resolute fellow compells them to discover to him the treasure. I make those, that I will enrich, find hidden wealth. I cause the thieves to burne Candles of dead mens grease, to lay the Hosts asleep while they rob their houses; I give the flying money, that returnes again to the pocket after 'tis spent; I give those Annulets to foot-men that enable them to go 200 miles a day; 'tis I that invisible tumble the dishes and bottles up and downe the house without breaking or spoiling them. I teach old women to Cure a  
feavour

feavour by words. I waken the Country fellow on  
 St. Johns Eve to gather his Hearb fasting, and in  
 silence, I teach the Witches to take the forme of  
 wolves, and eate children, and when any one  
 hath cut off one of their legs (which proves to be  
 a mans arme) I forsake them when they are dis-  
 covered, and leave them in the power of justice.  
 I send to discontented parsons, a tall black man,  
 who makes them promises of great riches and  
 other felicities, if thay'll give themselves to him.  
 I blind them that take Contrasts of him, and when  
 they demand thirty yeares time I make them see  
 the (3) before the (o) which I have place't after:  
 'tis I that strangle those that by conjuring raise  
 me and give me nothing; I quietly quit those that  
 when they have called me up, give me a haire, an  
 old shoe, or a straw. I take away from dedicated  
 Churches, the stones that have not been paid for.  
 I make the witches seeme to those that are invi-  
 ted to sabat nothing but a troope of Cats of  
 which Marcon (a Gib-cat) is Prince. I send all the  
 Confederates to the offering, and give them the  
 Goates taile (seated on a Joine-stool) to kisse. I  
 treat them splendidly but give them no salt to  
 their meat; and if any stranger ignorant in the  
 Customs gives God thanks, I cause all things to  
 vanish, and leave him 500 Miles from his owne  
 home, in a desert full of nettles and thornes. I send  
 to old Letchers beds, Succubusses and to the who-  
 rish, Incubusses. I convey Hob-goblins in shape  
 of a long piece of marble, to lye by those that  
 went to bed without making the signe of the  
 Crosse. I teach the Negromancers to destroy  
 their Enemies, by waking a little image in waxe,

which



which they throwing into the fire or pricking, the Originall is sensible of those torments that they expose the Image to. I make Witches insensible in those parts where the Ram hath set his seale. I give a secret virtue to *Nolite fieri*, when tis said backwards, that it hinders the butter from coming. I teach husbandmen to lay under the grounds of that sheepfold which he hath a mind to destroy, a lock of Haire, or a Toade, with three curses, that destroyes all the sheep that passe over it. I teach the shepherds, to tie a bridegroomes point the marriage day, when the Priest sayes *Conjuncto vos*; I give that mony that is found by the leaves of an old Oake. I lend magitians a Familiar that keepes them for undertaking any thing without leave from Robin-goodfellow. I teach how to breake the Charmes of a person bewicht, To kneade the triangular Cake of Saint Woolfe, and to give it in alms to the first poor body. I cure sick Persons of the Hob-thrush, by giving them a blow with a forke Just between the two eyes. I make the witches sensible of the blowes that are given them with an Elder-stick. I let loose the Hob-goblin at the advents of Christmas, and command him to rowle a barrell, or draw a chaine along the streets, that he may wring off their necks that look out at the window. I teach the Composition of the Charm's seales, Talismans, Spells, of the Magique looking glasses, and of the enchanted figures. I teach them to find the Missetpe of the new yeare, the wandring hearbs, the Gamahely and the Magnerique plaster. I send the Goblins the shod-mule, the spirits, the Hob-goblins the hags, the nightbats, the scraggs, the breake-neckes, the black



black men, and the white women, the fantasms the apparitions, the scar-crowes, the bug-beares, and the Shaddowes: in fine, I am the Divel of Vanvert, the Jew errant, and the Grand Hunts-man of Fountain-bleau forrest. With these last words the Magician vanisht, the Colours of the severall Objects, which with a thick and black smoake cover'd the Climate, disappeared; and I found my selfe upon my Bed, my heart still throbbing, and my body in great disorder, by the distemper of my mind; and with so great a wearinesse, that when I remember it, I do not think I have so much strength left me, as to write at the bottom of my letter,

S I R,

*Your servant.*13. *Against witches.*

S I R,

**T**ELL me true, did not my last letter fright you? I say what you will; I believe the great black man made some disorder in you, if not in your soul, at least wise in some of your senses. This you got by having formerly frighted me with spirits, they have had their revenge, and I have maliciously avenged my selfe for those importunities you have persecuted me withall, to make me acknowledge the truths of Magique. However I am sorry for the feavour, that I am told this horrible Picture hath brought upon you; but to wipe away my fault, I will rub it out, and upon the same cloth show you the deceitfulness of his Colours, of his stroaks, and shaddowes. Consider then a little, (Although so many

witches

witches have been burnt in all parts, convinced of having made a compact with the divell, so many poore wretches upon the Pile have confess'd to have been at sabat, nay although some at their examination, having confess'd to the Judges, that they had eaten at their feasts children, which since their death have been found alive & in health, who being questioned concerning it, know not what was ask'd them, and understood nothing of it: Yet one is not obliged to believe all things, that a man saies, because a man can say all things: For I grant, although a spirit, by a particular permission from God, could return upon the earth, and implore the benefit of any ones prayers, must it therefore be believed, that spirits and intelligences (if there be any such) are so foolish, as to oblige themselves to appear in every corner, at the pleasure of an ignorant brain-sick Clown, according as his melancholly humour shall be more or lesse strong, in his ill-timber'd head; or come to the lure of a ridiculous shepheard, like a Hawke to the fist of a Faulconer; and to the capricious humour of such a rascall, dance the Mat-tachin or the Antick? No, I do not believe there's any Witches, although many learned personages are of another opinion; and I contradict no mans authority, if that authority be not back'd by reason, or if it comes not from God; God, who alone ought to be believed what he saies, because he saies it. Nor doth the name of *Ariosto*, although more learned then I, or that of *Socrates* or *Plato* perswade me, if my judgment be not convinc'd by reason, of what they say. Reason onely is my Queen, to whom I willingly sub-

scribe. Besides, I know by experience, that the sublimest wits have err'd the greatest, their fall being the greater, in that they are higher then others. In fine, our fore-fathers have err'd formerly, & their children are subject to mistakes at present, and so wil ours one day. Let us not then embrace an opinion, because a great many hold it, or because it is the fancy of a great Philosopher; but onely because we see more probability it should be so, than otherwise. For my part; I laugh at those Pedants, that have no stronger arguments to prove what they say, then to alledge, that 'tis a Maxim, as if their Maxims were more certain, than their other propositions. However, I'll believe them, if they shew me a Philosophy, whose principles cannot be questioned or doubted of; in which all the world agrees; or that hath been revealed to us from above; otherwise, I laugh at them. For 'tis easie to prove all things, when one adjusts the principles to the opinions, and not opinions to principles. Besides, although it were just to rest satisfied with those great mens opinions; and though I should be forc'd to allow, that the first Philosophers have established these principles, I would make them in their turn acknowledge, that those Antients, no more than we, have not alwaies written what they have believed. The Law and Religion of their Country, hath often obliged them, to accommodate their precepts to the politick intent and necessity; therefore one ought not to believe a man in any thing, but what is humane, that is, possible and ordinary. To conclude, I admit not that there are any witches. unlesse some body will prove it: If any one can by stronger and more enforcing reasons

then my own demonstrate it to me, you need not doubt, but I'll say to him, Sir, you are welcome to me, you are he that I wished for; I renounce my own opinions, and embrace yours. Otherwise, what advantage would the wise man have over the fool, if he thinks what the fool thinks? It ought to satisfy the vulgar, that a wise head seems to acquiesce the opinions of the greater number, without manacling his own reason, that they may not have a torrent to resist. Contrariwise, a Philosopher ought to judge the vulgar, and not judge like the vulgar. However, I am not so unreasonable, now that I have freed my self from the tyranny of Authority, as to establish my own without proofs. You'll therefore please to permit me, to acquaint you with the motives I have had, to doubt of so many wonderfull effects, which are related of spirits; I fancy, that I have observed many very considerable things, to free me from these Chimeraes. First then, I never yet heard any story of witches, but I have still observed, that it was said to have been acted above a hundred miles from the place, where'twas told me; this distance made me suspect, that they had a mind to render it impossible for the curious, to inform themselves of the truth. Add to this, that these men in the shape of Cats, found in the midst of a field, without witnesses, (the testimony of one person onely, ought to be suspected in things miraculous) near a Village, (it was the easier to cozen the clowns); 'Twas a poor old woman, (necessity might make her lye, to get money) she was old, (age weakens reason, and makes one talk too much); she hath



invented this tale, to entertain her neighbours withall; age decays the sight, she took a Hare for a Cat; age makes one fearfull, she thought she had seen fifty for one. For 'tis much more probable, that any one of these may happen, which are every day seen, then a supernaturall accident, without reason or example. But pray let us examine the witches that are taken.

You'll find, that 'tis a very dull country fellow, that hath not the wit to disintangle himself, from off the snares that they intrap him in, whose understanding is so stupified with the greatnesse of the danger, that he is not in a capacity to justifie himself, and dares not give any pertinent answer, for fear, least the preoccupied should conclude, that 'tis the devill that speaks in him. Now if he saith nothing, every one agrees, that he is convinced in his conscience, and presently he is thrown into the fire. But is the devill such a fool? he that at another time could turn him to a Cat, can he not now give him the form of a Fly, that he may escape? No, witches (say they) lose their power, when they are in the hands of justice. O! in good faith, that was well thought on; Mr. *John Guillot* then, (whose father stole the sons estate) purchased by means of 20000 Crowns, (which his Judge's place cost him) the power to command the devills. The devills indeed have a great respect for thieves. But these devills at least-wise, should have sent this poor wretch (their humble servant) out of the way, when they knew the Justice was in search after him; for 'tis not the way to encourage any body to serve him, thus to abandon his Creatures;

for



for those that are but spirits hee'l make great strides. I have likewise observed that all these pretended Magitians, are so many beggars like the *Diogeneses*. O heavens, is it then probable that a man would expose himselfe (upon the hopes to continue poor, hated, and famished) to eternall fire, and to the continuall feares of being boiled in all places of Judicature? Satan would certainly give to such a one not the leaves of an Oake, but good weighty money, to purchase him Offices that would protect him from the Justice. But you'l find that the divells of our age are extremely simple, and have not the wit to contrive so many sleights. That loutardly shepheard now in your Prison, that is to be boyled the next Vigil upon what convictions do you condemne him? He was catcht perhaps saying the wolfs Pater-Noster: for Gods sake, let him repeate it and you'l find nothing in it but great fooleries, and lesse hurt in it, then there is in a dead divell, for which none are condemned: besides this, say they, he hath bewitched whole flocks, he did it either by certaine words, or by the hidden vertue of some naturall poysons; by words, I do not believe, that the four and twenty letters of the Alphabet hatch the occult Malignity of so quick a venom, nor that opening of the mouths, shutting the teeth, clapping the tongue to the pallare in what manner soever, hath the power to infect the sheep, or cure them: for if you reply, that 'tis by reason of the Compact, I have not yet read in Chronology, the time in which the Divell agreed with mankind, that when they pronounced certaine words (which were to

be specified in the Contract) he would kill ; at others, heal ; and at some others, that he would come and converse with us , I'll grant, although he had passed such a contract with any Particular, yet that particular person would not have had the generall consent, thereby to oblige all men to that agreement ; neverthelesse at some words that a Lout shall unawares pronounce, hee'l presently fly unto him (to affright him) and not give the least visit to some powerfull , depraved, eminent , and spirituall Person that gives himselfe to him withall his heart , and one that by his Example will be the occasion of the losse of a hundred thousand souls. You'll allow perhaps, That magicall words have no manner of power, but that under such barbarous words they cover the malignant vertue of simples, with which all inchanters poyson Cattell ; well then, why do you not let them suffer under the name of impositors and not of witches. They confesse (say you) that they have been at sabat, & that they have sent Divells into the bodyes of some Persons that have proved Demoniackes. As to the sabat-voyages , this is my beliefe ; they noint themselves with some somniferous oyles , and as while they wake they easily fancy to be carried affride upon a broome through the chimmy, into a Hall, where is feasting, dancing, and where they kisse the Goate's brich. The imagination being strongly toucht with these apparitions, represents to them in their sleep the same things, as a broom between their legs, a field that they fly over, a goate, a feast, and ladyes ; and therefore when they wake they think that they have seen that  
which

which they onely dreamt. Concerning possession of bodies, I'll give you likewise my opinion, with the same freeness. I find in the first place that for one man, there are a thousand women. Is the Divell so great a Leacher to seek with so much ardor to couple with women? No no, but I easily guesse the reason, A woman hath a more fickle braine then a man, and consequently more ready to adventure in a Comedy of this nature; she is in hopes, that by speaking a little Latin, making a few faces, and by putting her selfe into some certaine postures, they'll believe her far beyond the strength and power of a bashfull girle; besides, she thinks herselfe so strong by her weakenesse, that the Imposture being discovered, they'll attribute her Extravagances to some suffocation of the Matrix, or at the worst, they'll pardon the weakenesse of her sex. You'll answer, it may be, that we must not conclude that none are really possess'd, because there are some that are counterfeiters and Cheates. But if that be your Gordian-knot, I'll quickly be his *Alexander*: let us then examine (without caring whether or no we oppugne the opinion of the vulgar) if there have formerly been Demoniacques and if there are any now adayes. That there have been some heretofore I do not doubt, because the holy scriptures assures us, that a Chaldean by Magicall Art, sent a divell unto the Cadaver of the Prophet *Samuel*, and made it speake; that *David* with his Harpe conjured that which *Saul* was possess'd withall; and that our Saviour *Jesus Christ* drove the divells out of the Bodies of certaine Jewes and sent them into the swine. But we are obliged

to believe that the divells Empire ceased, when our Saviour came into the World. That Oracles were stifled under the cradle of the Messias, & that Satan lost his speech in *Bethlehem*, the drie influence of the three kings starr; having without doubt given him the Pip. Therefore, I laugh at all energumeneus's in our dayes, and will deride them till the Church commands me to believe them, for to Imagine that the Penitent of *Goffridy*, the Nun of *Loudun*, or the Maid at *Eureux*, are bewitcht, because they tumble, show trickes, and make faces. Jack Pudding, scare-crow, and Tabarin, would a done'em; why they cannot so much as speak Latine: Lucifer hath but little care of his divells, not to send them to school; some will answer pertinently enough, when the Exorcist declaims a prayer out of the Breviary, of which (in a manner) they gale the sense by their often going over the same thing: but at other-times you'll see them counterfit madnesse, pretend to a perpetuall distraction in the braine when they preach to them. Neverthelesse I have catcht some very attentive, who watch for the verse in their howers that they may give an answer to the purpose, (like those that wil sing at vespers & know them not) waking at the *Gloria Patri* &c. that they may gargle it in their throats, and spew it out. That which I likewise find very pleasant, is, the contempts they entangle themselves in, when they must obey or not obey. The Conjurator commanded one to kisse the ground, as often as he pronounced the sacred name of God; this devill of obedience did it very devoutly: but when another time he came to command him the



the same thing, in other rearms, (for he conjured him by the Co-eternall Son of the Sovereign Beeing); this Novice of a devill, that was no Theologian, was at a stand, blusht, and began to rail, till the Exorcist having appeased him in more ordinary words, he began again to reason. I observe further, that as the Priest raised his voice, the devill encreased his rage, oftentimes at words of very little weight, onely because he had spoke then somewhat louder. And contrarily, he swallowed, glib as oyl, exorcisms that made me tremble, because he being somewhat weary of bawling, he pronounced them with a low voice. But it was a great deal worse not long after, when an Abbot took them to task; they were not us'd to his style, which was the reason, that those that would answer, answer'd so contrarily, and against sense, that the poor devills (in whose forehead there was still some shame left) were lamentably out of countenance, and all that day after, it was impossible to get a word from them.

They said, a good while indeed, that they found there were some unbelievers present, and for that reason they would do nothing miraculous, for fear of converting them. But this pretence appeared to me very grosse; for if it had been true, to what purpose did they give them notice of it; they ought rather contrarily to have hid themselves in those bodies, to harden us in our incredulity, and not do things, which were capable to disabuse us. You'l answer, That God compels them to it, to manifest the faith. Well, but I am not convinced, nor obliged to believe,  
that



that 'tis the devill that shoves all these tricks, since a man can naturally do them: To turn one's face behind one, I have seen it done by Gipsies; to leap, who doth not do it, except the Paralyticks; to swear you meet with too many; to make certain Characters upon the skin, either waters or some sort of stones, colours our flesh without a prodigy. If the devills are constrained (as you say) to do miracles to illuminate us, let them do convincing ones: let them take the steeple of our Ladies Church in *Paris*, (where there are so many unbelievers) and without breaking, make it dance a Spanish Saraband in St. *Dennis's* field, we shall then be convinced. I have taken notice likewise, that the Devill, (who is said to have been so great a reviler) in the midst of their mad fits, never induces them to rail one at another; to the contrary, they have for one another a great respect; and are not likely to behave themselves otherwise, because the first that takes offence, discovers the whole mysterie. Why, is not your process (my reverend Father) intrusted in consequentiall crimes, which the devill accuses you of? The devill (say you) is the father of lies; why then did you cause the other day a Magitian to be burnt, who was onely accused by the devill? for, I say with you, that the devill is the father of lyes. Confesse, confesse, most Reverend, that the devill sayes true, or false, according as 'tis advantageous to your crafty paternity. But (God help us) I see this devill start, when they throw holy water upon him: Is it then a thing so holy that he cannot without horror indure it; that's the reason truly that makes me wonder, how he durst

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enter into a humane Body , that God hath made after his own Image , capable of the moſt Beatiſique viſion, acknowledged his Child, by the regeneration in Baptiſme ; marked with the Holy Oyles ; The temple of the holy Ghoſt , and the tabernacle of the holy Sacrament; how had he the impudence to go into ſuch a place, that he muſt needs more reverence , then water, over which hath onely been repeated ſome prayers. But we ſhall have a good iſſue of our buſineſſe. I ſee the Demoniach is very much diſturbed at the ſight of a Croſſe that is brought before him ? O Maſter Exorcift, how good are you , do you not know that there is no place in nature where there are not croſſes, ſince that every where and in all ſubſtances there is length and breadth ; and that croſſe is nothing elſe but a length , conſidered with a breadth. If you grant it not , that croſſe you hold is not a croſſe becauſe 'tis Ebony , the other is not ſo becauſe 'tis ſilver ; but both of them are croſſes becauſe upon a length , a breadth goes traverſers. If then this Energumenus, hath a thouſand lengths and breadthes that are ſo many Croſſes about her , what need is there to bring her any others ? and yet you ſee this woman for having rought it with her lips perforce , pretends to be interdicted , and is ſilent. Take, take a good handfull of rods and whip her me ſmartly ; for I paſſe my word, that if it were commanded that all the Energumenus that could not be cured by a hundred ſtripes a day, ſhould be throwne into the water) not one would be drowned. 'Tis not as ( I told you before) that I doubt of the Creators power over the  
the

the Creatures : but unlesse I am Convinced by the Authority of the Church, which we ought blindly to obey, I'll call all these great Magical effects ; the fools Gazetts, or the Credo of those that have too much faith.

I perceive my letter is somewhat of the longest, t'was the subject that carried me beyond my intentions; but you'll pardon this importunity in a person that hath vowed to be till death to you and to your witty tales,

*A humble servant.*

14. To Monsieur Gerzan upon his Book,  
*The Ladyes triumph,*

S I R,

**A**FTER those Elogies you have given to Ladyes I am resolved to be no longer a man, I am presently going to offer my wax-light to father *Bernard* that I may obtaine of that Pitifull saint that which the Emperour *Heliogabalus* impetrated of his Empiricks rasor, since that the Miracles that every day exaltes that precious Mummie are so numerous, that they over-flow the walls of the Charity-convent, as far as your *Parnassus*. It is not impossible but that one perfectly happy may do for me, that which the pen of an unhappy Poet was able to do for *Tiresias* ; But however 'tis but cutting off that bit which makes me wear Breeches, 'tis a foolish thing indeed, never to mask ones self but in Carnivall time : in truth I could hardly have believed it, if you had not sent me your book.

Well

Well did our Saviour know, what one day you would say upon this subject, when at the Confusion of mankind he would be borne of a woman, doubtlesse he knew the worthinesse of their sexe. 'Tis likewise an Evident marque of the particular esteeme he hath of them, that he hath chose them to beare us, being not willing to trust us in our youth, to our selves, but nature likewise hath taught us by the distribution of her riches, that she would advance the younger to the prejudice of the first-born, giving him beauty, every lineament of which is an Army that at its pleasure overthrowes Thrones, ravishes Diademes, and drags into captivity the haughty powers of the earth: And if like us they do not apply themselves to Murthers; if it be horror to them to weare by their sides that which makes us detest an Executioner; 'tis because, 'twere a shame, that those which give us life should carry that about them, which takes it away; and likewise because 'tis much more honest to sweare at the Construction, then at the Destruction of ones kind. In point of face then we are not to compare: and in good faith, generally in all blessings of the earth, they exceed us; and if haire make the principall distinction between the brutall and the reasonable, men are (at leastwise in the stomach, the cheeks, and the chin) more beasts then women; nevertheless in sight of all these dumb, but convincing predications of God and of Nature, had it not been for you, this deplorable sexe was truckling under ours; you, that are feeble and ready to fall from this life, have raised



up many thousand Ladyes that had no supporter. Let them bragg (after this) that they brought you to light, although their delivery had been more painfull than was that of *Hercules* his Mother; yet they are still much your debtors, who not content to have brought them forth all at once, have made then triumph in their births. A woman indeed carried you, nine Months, but you have carried them all above the heads of their Enemies for twenty ages. They had fought, they had conquered, for other twenty; and you within this four Months onely have decreed them the Triumph: yes, Sir every period of your book is a victorious Chariot, where they more proudly triumph then ever the *Scipios*, or the *Cesars* did in *Rome*: you have made a Country of *Amazons* of all the Earth, and have brought us to the distaste: In fine, one may say that before you, all women were but pawnes, which now you have made Queens; In the meane while, we see that you betray Us, that you turne your back to Mankind, and fly to the other sexe; but how can we punish you for this offence, how can we resolve to defame a person that hath got our Mothers and Sisters of his side: besides we cannot accuse you of Cowardice, you that have taken the weakest side; or taxe your Pen with selfe interest, having begun the praises of Ladyes at an age that renders you incapable of receiving any favours from them. Confesse however after having made them Triumph; and having Triumphed in their Triumph, that their sexe would never have been Conquerous without the helpe of ours. That which (in truth) makes me wonder, is, that you have  
not



not put into their hands to destroy us the usuall armes ; you have not nail'd starrs to their Eyes ; you have not raised Mountaines of snow, instead of their breasts. Gold, Ivory, Azure, Corail, Roses and Lillies , have not been the Materialls of your fabricque ; like to our Moderne writers, who notwithstanding the Sun's diligence to get home betimes, <sup>you</sup> have the impudence to rob him in broad day light, and the starrs likewise (but those I do not pittie, teach them to walke so much a nights) but neither fire, nor flame, hath given you any cold fancies. You have made Thrusts at us which we know not how to ward ; never man was raised so high upon women. To conclude, I find in your Book so devine conceptions that I can hardly believe the Holy Ghost was at *Rome* when you Composed it ; The Ladies never came forth of the Presse in so good a posture, nor was I ever better resolved never to go more to the tombe of father *Bernard* to see a Miracle , since *Monsieur de Gerzan* lies at the Church doer ; O gods, once more how rare a thing is your Ladyes ! you have by this Panegyrique so obliged the sexe, that now a dayes to merit a Queens affections one need onely be,

SIR,

*your servant.*

### 15. *The Duellist.*

SIR,

**A**lthough I am ready to burst with health, yet I have been sick this three weekes ; ever since my Philosophy was at the mercy of the Gladiators

Gladiators, I have been troubled with the quar-  
tan and the tertian; I should have lost the know-  
ledge of paper if Challenges were written on any  
thing else: already I cannot distinguish betwixt  
ink & blacking: and in fine, to give you an  
answer, I was almost forced to write to you with  
my sword, so great a reputation it is to write ill  
among persons whose plumes are never cut.  
God almighty I think (if he would end my quar-  
rells) must compasse somewhat as Miraculous  
as *Caligula's* wish; if all mankind had but  
one head; if of all the living were left but one;  
that would be another duell for me to fight, you  
would certainly be much to blame, to call me  
now the first of men, for I vow to you, I have  
been second to every body above this month;  
your departure sure must needs have desarted  
*Paris*, and made grasse grow in every street, for  
where soever I go, I find my selfe alwayes in the  
field: In the meane while 'tis not without hazard,  
the Picture which you caused to be made of me,  
hath perhaps been so well lik'd, that death it may  
be hath a mind to the original; To that purpose she  
brings me into a 1000 dutch quarrels I almost fan-  
cy sometimes that I am become a Porcupine since  
no body comes neer me but they are incensed &  
prickt; and every body knows that when any one  
bids his Enemies, go mischief himself, 'tis making  
worke for me. Do you not see likewise that there  
are now more shades upon our Horizon, then  
there was at your departure? 'tis because (since  
that time) my hand hath so peopled Hell that he  
spues them up againe upon the earth. 'Tis indeed  
a great consolation to me to be hated, because I

am

am beloved ; to find every where Enemies, because I have friends in all places ; and to see that my misfortune proceeds from my happiness: but I am afraid that this same Itch of glory, will oblige me to carry my name even to Paradiſe, ſooner then I would. Therefore to avoid theſe dangerous Propheſies, I conjure you to returne ſpeedily, and reſtore me to my Philoſophicall humour: for 'twould much trouble me that inſtead of finding me in my ſtudy at your return, you ſhould find in a Church, Here lies,

SIR,

*Your ſervant.*

*15. Upon a Recovery.*

SIR,

**Y**OU'l permit me to jeaſt with your Feavour, now that ſhe hath turn'd her back to you: by my troth, I wonder how ſhe durſt throw her glove to ſo bold a Cavalier as you; for all the bravadoes ſhe made at her entring the liſts, I fore ſaw the ſhame of her defeat ; in the mean time, every body believed you upon your way to the Eliziuni fields ; and already ſome (none of your deareſt friends) publiſht your arrival in that fearful City, whoſe ſuburbs you were not yet come neerto: in troth, I admire, that you (who alwayes make choiſe of that which is moſt eaſie, there being but a ſtride betwixt your Chamber and the Chappell where your Anceſtors ſleep) ſhould ſo ſuddainly face about ; how ever I'll maintaine it to the teeth of your ſtout-heart, that you have behaved your ſelf like an wiſe man. That lodging is not

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good

good, where the host never changes his sheets; and although the Bed stands so firme that nothing can shake it but an Earthquake, yet the Chamber is cold and rheumatick; they observe there, perpetuall farts, and notwithstanding (according to the Flemish fashion) the Beer is alwayes by you, yet you drink nothing but holy water: besides you would not have found there one reasonable creature, of either sex; for men are not admitted there, till they have given up their spirits, and senses; and for the women (although they have there the good qualitie to hold their peace, which they cannot doe here, yet they are so ugly that the greatest beauties amongst them are flat-nos'd; Do not then repent (Generous, as we believe you) to have made so good a use of the Priviledge of *Normandy*: the shaddowes there below, are not altogether so pleasing as those of your close walks; and I protest to you, you were going so farr a journey, in the twinkling of an eye, that you could not have come back againe before the Resurrection, nor could I have procured any body here that would have undertaken to have told you from me that I am,

SIR,

*Your servant.*

16. *Against a Coward.*

SIR,

I know that you have too much wisdom ever to advise a man to a duell; therefore I aske your Counsell in one that I am resolved to fight: for  
(as

(as you know very well) stained-honour cannot be wash'd cleane but with blood.

Yesterday I was called Fool, and one took the boldnesse before my face to give me a box on the Eare: 'tis true t'was in the Company of very honourable persons; somethat are ignorant in Composing such matters tell me, that I must revenge my self or perish. You Sir, my dearest friend, whose judgment is too good to excite me to any cruell action, tell me, Have I not been sufficiently abused already by the tongue, and the hands of this Coward, not to provoke his sword too? for although it troubles me to be called fool, yet 'twould much more vex me, if a scandall should be raised that I was dead: if I were shut up in my grave, he might at his pleasure and in safety speak ill of my Courage; had I not better then stay in the world, that I may be alwaies ready to chastize him, when his temerity shall provoke me. Infalliably, those that advise me to the Tragedy, do not consider that if I am the Catastrophe, hee'l laugh at my valour; if I kill him, people will be apt to think that I sent him out of the world, because I durst not stay here whilst he was alive; if I take away his sword thay'le say I apprehended his being arm'd; if we come off with equall honour, to what purpose should we expose our selves to the worst of all dangers, (which is death) and decide nothing? Besides although I had Mars his power, and could end the Combat to my honour, he might nevertheless brag that he had force't me to commit a great folly. No, no, I'le not unsheafe, to drive your enemy by death far from you, or to remove



your self from him by it, is to fear him : For my part, I fear not to be, or to let him be. He thinks it an honour to him, that he never stood in fear of the Parques, ; if he'll have me believe it, let him kill himself. I'll consult all the wise men for this threescore or fourscore years, and if I find he hath done well, I'll then endeavour to live as many more, and repent, to expiate my cowardlinesse. You'll think perhaps this proceeding ( in a man of courage as I am ) very strange ; but to speak my mind freely to you, Sir, I finde, that life is so fine a thing, that I had rather content my self with this that I enjoy, then hazard for a better, and get a worse. This same Monsieur *le Matamore* would, it may be, dye, that he might be quickly out of his pain : But I that am more stout, endeavour to live a great while, that I may run the hazard of being a long time, in a capacity to die. Doth he think to advance his credit, by declaring that he is weary, and desires to return to darknesse, his first lodging? What, is he afraid of the Sun? poor fool, if he knew what a scurvy thing it is to be deceased, he would not make so much haste. 'Tis not bravely done in a man to hazard his life, before he is thirty years old, because he exposes that that he knowes not ; but if after that age he ventures it, I'll maintain he's mad, having known it, to venture it. For my part, I like day-light well, and love not to sleep under ground, because one cannot see there. Let him not be puffed up, though, at this refusall ; for I'de have him know, that I have two or three killing-thrusts, besides other sleights ; and I will not fight  
for

for fear of discovering them, There are a hundred other reasons, that make me abhor Duells; Yeas, I should go into the field, and the Sythe would perhaps dispatch me for t'other world among the grasse: alas, my creditors wish no better, that they may accuse me of banquerout. But doth he think, if he had taken away my life, that he had done with me? To the contrary, I should by it become more terrible, and I am confident in a fortnight after, he could not look upon me, without being frighted. Nevertheless, if he aspires to the honour of destroying me, provided I am in good health, I permit him to brag in all places, that he was my hang-man; for if he had killed me, the honour would not be great, a few Spanish figgs would do as much. He fancies perhaps, that Nature hath us'd me very ill, in denying me courage; but let him learn, that Nature cannot do us a greater shreud turn, then to employ it against Fate; and that the least Flea alive, is better then the great *Alexander* dead. And in fine, that I find myself unworthy to oblige the blessed Torches, to weep upon my Scutchons. The truth is, I love to be told, that I have all the qualities of a good wit, except that of a happy memory, which I cannot away with, for some reasons.

Another thing forbids me fighting too; I have writ my Epitaph, which hath much wit & sharpnesse in it, provided I live a hundred years: but if I should hazard my selfe, and die sooner, the jeast would be lost. Add to all this, that above all things I abhor sicknesse, and there is nothing more contrary to health then death. Is't not

better then, to encourage ones self to become a coward, then to be the occasion of so many dyasters? so (strong in our weaknesse) none can see us tremble or look pale, but for fear of having too much courage. And to thee, comfortable Cowardice, I vow to rear an Altar, and promise to serve thee with so devout a worship, that (to begin from this very day) I dedicate this Epistle to the faint-hearted, the stoutest of all your children, for fear (if I had sent it to some brave fellow) he might have thought, that I was a man that would serve him, because of the four scurvy words, that one is obliged to put at the bottom of every Letter. I am

*Your Servant.*

*17. Against a Detractor.*

*S I R,*

**I** Know, that so ignoble a Soul as yours, cannot naturally abstain from detracting, nor is it an abstinence that I would condemn you to. The onely courtesie that I ask of you, is, that you would rear me so softly, that I may seem not to feel you. By this you may know, that I have good intelligence. I thank God, that he hath given me a soul so reasonable, that I do not believe the world in every thing, because the world can say all things; otherwise, I should have applyed to your disease of the splene, a more powerfull and solid Antidote, than this of discourse: Not that I ever expected any very civill actions from those, that have lost their humanity; but

but I could not believe, that your brains had so generally been shipwrackt, upon the Rhetoricall shelves, that you had born in Philosophy a man without a head. One would have wondred in truth, that in so vast a body, your little wit did not lose it self. Nor was it very long lived; for I have heard some years since, that you cannot leave this life, but that your miraculous death will make you be canonized: Yeas, take leave of the Sun when you please, you are sure of a line in our Letanies, when the Consistory shall hear that you are dead, without losing your senses. However, comfort your self, you'l not hold out the lesse for that; the Deer, and the Ravens, whose wits are proportionable to yours, live four hundred years. And if the want of brains be the occasion of long life, without doubt you are he, that must write Mankinds Epitaph. Certainly, 'tis by reason of the brutish inclinet of your nature, that you make choice of gold and pretious stones, to defile with your venom. Permit me then, (although you pretend to exempt your selfe from the power, that God hath given men over beasts) to command you, to spew upon something more foul then my name, and to remember, (for I believe, beasts of your nature have some kind of remembrance) that the Creator gave a tongue to those of your species, onely to swallow, and not to speak. Remember it then, 'tis the best counsell that you can take; for, although your weaknesse excites compassion, yet, the same in Fleas and Lice that disturb us, doth not oblige us to pardon them. In fine, Simulacre of envy, leave your biring; for although

I am not over sensible of an Injury, yet I am very severe to punish it: nothing could hinder the verue of a Hellebore (which in French is called *Tri-cot*) which I would chastise you with; nay and to shew you that I am a Philosopher (a thing which you believe not) I would do it with so little animosity, that with my Hat in one hand and a good Cudgell in the other, breaking your bones, I would tell you that I am

SIR,

*Your humble servant.*

18. *To Madam \*\*\*\*\**

MADAM,

**I**F all men were obliged to send mony (as I am faine to do) to facilitate the reading of my letters, The *Balzacks* had never writ, and the blind would be able to read. But what? unlesse mine be made cleare by the reflection of some golden Lewises, I am sure they appeare Hebrew to you; to open the mouth and move the lips in all forms necessary to expresse our language, seemes all Arabick; to speak French to you one must open ones hand, thus my purse is become my onely Organ, by which I can explaine to you the hard places of the Bible, and render the Centuries of *Nostradamus* as easie to you as the *Pater*: In fine Madam, 'tis of you alone that it may with truth be said, No mony, no Suiffer. However notwithstanding your humour, I easily comfort my self, knowing that as long as you change not, I shall be sure still to drive out of your Body the divell of avarice more easly with the Crosse of some Pistolls, then with holy water or Exorcisms:



cisms: But I am to blame to charge you with this baseness. Contrarywise they are virtuous motives that makes you proceed thus; for if you fall oftner under the Cross then the malefactors of *Judea*, 'tis because you believe that the Just-ones can ask nothing unjustly of you, and that Gold the symbol of purity, cannot be given you but with pure intentions: besides I think that as you are a good Christian, so you are a better subject, for that you humble your selfe before those that brings you the Image of our Kings; and that you being of an exemplary probity, who will wrong no body, you are so scrupulous in the distributing your favours, that you rely more upon the embracement of ten pistolls then of nine: this Oeconomie doth not at all displease me, for, holding my Purse in one hand, I am sure to hold your heart in the other; That which troubles me, is, that that Image (which you often swore had made so deepe impressions in your heart) cannot stay with you three dayes without paying for his lodging, but he is turn'd out by head and shoulders: for my part I believe you have forgot the definition of a man, for all your actions prove, that you take me for an Animal donant, whereas by the opinion of *Aristotle* I thought my selfe an Animall rationall: but I plainly see that I must resolve to cease to be what I am, at that very moment that I cease to feele in my pocket; Rectify I pray you this Error, that very ill becomes your youth, and this Generosirie you whereby you become pale: for 'tis a shame for to take wages of me that am,

Madam,

*Your servant.*

19. Letter.

## 19. Of a Dwarf.

SIR,

**B**Y the affection I bore you (notwithstanding your undesert) I have made you worthy of being my Enemy; if the Philistines heretofore had not died by the hands of *Samson*, we should not have known now, that there had been any Philistines; they were beholding to their death for their life; and if they had lived ten yeares later, they would have died thirty ages sooner; thus you, in spite of me, reape the same glory; by your basenesse having compelled me to punish you. I know I shall be told, that by killing of a Pigmy I shall not add to my fate the substance of a glorious Epitaph. But to look uninteressed upon the reverse of the Paradoxe, That *Marius*, that in three Combats made a grave for three Nations was not esteemed a Coward for killing the frogs in that marsh, wherein he cast himselfe; and *Socrates* by killing the lice that bit him in Prison, did not lose the honour of being the prime man in the universe; No, no, little dwarfe, (do not think your selfe any other) endeavour to humble this nothing of yours; and believe as an article of faith, (if you be still as little as you was on your birth day) that the heavens permits it, to hinder small Evill from becoming great: In fine, you are no man, what (a divel) are you then? you are perhaps a Mommy, that some spirit has stolen from the Physitian's Colledge, to fright the world withall: nor is this very improbable; since the Eyes are the Mirrors  
of

of the soul, yours is something very deform'd; nevertheless you boast of my friendship. O heavens, chastiser of heresies, punish this with thunder. I have loved you then, and given up my heart an offering to you; it seems then, you thought me so foolish, as in charity to have given my soul to the devill: But 'tis not of me alone, that you have thus ill spoken; the most flattering Elogies that come from you, are Satyr s, and God himself had not scap'd you, if you had known him. All things that breathe, concern'd in the destruction of Monsters, would before this have tempted me to kill you, but they have forborn it, as being assured, that in me alone you had

*Your Party,  
Your Judge, &  
Your Executioner.*

20. *Against Soucidas.*

**U**Ds death, master rascall, I find that you have the impudence to live, notwithstanding you injured me; you, that signifie nothing in this world, and that are at best but a byle in Natures buttocks: you, that will fall so low, if I give over supporting you, that a Flea licking the ground, will hardly distinguish you from the pavement: you, in fine, so foul and stinking, that makes men doubt when they see you, whether your mother was not delivered of you backward. If you had sent at least, and beg'd leave of me for time for a peccavi. But, without satisfying your  
self

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self



selfe, whether 'twas my pleasure you should see to morrow, or die to day ; You have the impudence to eat and drink, as if you were not dead. Ha! I vow I will so annihilate you, that it shall not be true to say, that you ever lived. Doubtlesse you are in hopes to mollifie me, by the dedication of some troublesome Burlesque. No, no, I am inexorable; 'tis resolved you shall die, and that presently, and then ( according as a good humor may render me mercifull ) I'll raise you again to read my Letter; for what if, to regain my favour, you should put my name in the front of a farce. I know, that all things that are foolish, do not cause laughter; and besides that, to make something very ridiculous, you need onely speak seriously. Your Poems have too much of the shambles in them, and that I think is the reason, that your Judgment of *Paris* doth not sell. Then ( if you'll take my advice ) save your self, and fly to *Pegasus* his Bar, you'll make there an incorruptible Judge, since your judgment cannot be bought. To proceed; 'Tis not onely from your Bookseller, that I heard you made Rhymes, I did much suspect it before; for 'twould have been a great miracle, that in so corrupt a volume as your body, the worms should not have had footing. Your very breath is sufficient to make us believe, that by agreement with death, you are to breathe nothing but infection; and your musk-comfits cannot prevent your stinking, in every ones opinion. I am not incensed against this putrefaction, 'tis the fault of your leprous parents. Your very flesh is nothing else, then earth chapt by the Sun, & so dung'd; that if every  
plant

plant that hath been set, had taken root, you would now have upon your shoulders a tall copp. After this, I do not at all wonder, that you say, you are not yet known: four foot of dirt indeed keeps you from being seen; you are so finely buried under the dunghill, that (if you did not want a potshard to scrape you) you would be a compleat *Job*. In troth, you give the lye bravely to those Philosophers, that sleight the Creation; if any of them be now to be found, I wish they may meet with you, for after they have seen you, they'l easily believe, that Man may have been made of dirt. They'l preach you, and make use of your own self, to draw you from that sad Atheism you groan under. You know, that I do not speak by rote, and that I am not him alone, that hath heard you pray to God, to give you so much grace, as not to believe in him. Why how now, impious wretch / God dares not shut a door against you, when you fly from a bearing, but it is presently by you broken down; and yet you begin to believe in him again, onely that you may have some body to swear by, when your dice do not give a favourable answer to your avarice. I grant, that yours is not a fortune that can bear a losse patiently, for you are as beggarly as *Diogenes*, and hardly would the whole earth be enough to satisfie you, that is, it hath made you affront such a world of people. 'Tis no more possible for you, to find out a street in this City, to walk in, that is not a Creditrix, unlesse the King causes another *Paris* to be built in the aire. The other day, at a Councill of War, the Marshall *de Jurenne* was advised, to put you in-

to a mortar-piece, and let you flie into Saint *Menehou*, to compell the inhabitants for want of provisions, in three daies to surrender. In troth, I think, that this stratagem would take, since your nose, that hath not the use of reason; that poornose, the resting place and the paradise of fillips, seems to turn up, onely to get further off your famished mouth: your teeth (good god! how I run on) are more to be feared then your hands, their length and rottenness fright me. But some body would upbraid me, and say, that I torment too much a person, that saies, he hath so great an esteem for me. O little Jackanapes, O Puppit incarnate, can it be possible? but I see you leap at this glorious surname? Alas, ask all the world what you are, and you shall see, if every body doth not say, that you have nothing in you of a man, but the resemblance of a Baboon. I compare you not to this little four-footed man, because I think you discourse as well as a Monkey; no, no, Tumbler, for when I consider you thus flesh-forsaken, I imagin, that if you stir, your sinewes are drie enough, to make that noise, which you call words; that, infallibly, is the reason you prate, and riggle up and down without any intervall. But since there is a speaking, pray tell me, if you speak by stirring, or if you stir by speaking? that which makes me doubt, that all the noise that you make, comes not from your tongue, is, that one tongue cannot speak a fourth part of what you talk, and that the most part of your discourses are so far from reason, that one may well think, that you speak from a part that is not very neer the brain. In fine, my little

Ape,

Ape; it is so true that thou art all tongue, that (if it were no impiety to adapt sacred things to profane) I should believe that St. *John* Prophesied of you, when he writ that the word was made flesh: And indeed if I were obliged to write as much as you speake, t'ware but necessary for me to become Pen; but since that cannot be, you'll permit me to bid you farewell; Adieu then, little companion, for you would be but scurvily obeyed if I were

*Your servant.*

21. *Letter.*

SIR,

SO many caresses of Fortune as I have deprived my selfe of, in losing your friendship, perswades me at last to repent that I contributed so much to the losse of it; and if I am in disgrace, I confesse I deserve to be so, for not being more carefull to preserve my selfe in your esteem, the esteem of a Person that makes the least that visites him, pass under the title of Count and Marquesse. Certainly Sir, you make your selfe the father of many great Persons, that did not believe themselves so; and I begin to perceive that I was much to blame, thus to neglect my good fortune; for by this account I might perhaps have got a principality; There are some that condemne this Prodigall humor in you, but they are ignorant, that 'tis your great desire of multiplying the Nobility, that obliges you to these Magnificent actions,

actions, and that being incapable of producing Gentlemen according to the flesh, you will at least create them according to the spirit. The Romanticke Authors that you are acquainted withall, do oftentimes give Empires to those that perhaps before enjoyed not two Acres of ground, and your talent is so like theirs that it gives you the same Priviledges. 'Tis well enough known, that all those great Authors do not speak better then you, because you say the very same as they do, and that every moment you vomit out *Cassander* and *Polexander*, so undigested, and as you took them in, that one would think one saw in your Mouth the very paper under the words: the Criticks mutter, that the great noise that you make in the world, is no signe of a great wit; that Empty vessells sound more then full ones, and that perhaps by reason of the Concavity of your empty braine your mouth (like to a Grot) makes an ill distinguishd Eccho of all the sounds that strikes it. But you must comfort your selfe for all this; for that man that can hinder envy from biting vertue, is yet unborn: for I grant, as they say, that you are no great wit, you are nevertheless a great man; what, you are able by your very shaddow to black a whole tennis court; none heares your stature spoken of but believe that one is atelling a story of a Cedar or a Fir-tree; and others that know you more particularly prover that you have nothing of man but the voice, assuring us that they have learnt by tradition that you are an Oake transplanted from the forrest of *Doone*: 'tis not by my advice that they give this testimony, for I have told them a hundred times  
that



that t'was not likely that you were an Oake seeing the most learned all agreed that you are but a block; for my part I that have been of a longer acquaintance with you, maintaine to them, that 'tis very farre from truth, to imagine that you are a tree; for, although your superior part (which by reason of the situation is called your head) doth no reasonable nor sensitive function, yet I could not believe it to be of wood; but I imagine, that it was deprived of the use of its senses. And because that one humane soul being not large enough to animate from one end to the other so vaste a Colosse; nature was forced to leave the upper region, desart. And indeed, is there any body that knowes not, that when nature lodged that, which in others is called wir, in your immense body, for all her stretching and pulling she could never make it reach to your head; your very Members are so prodigious, that who considers them thinks you have two Giants hung to the bottom of your belly instead of thighs and your mouth is so wide that I am sometimes afraid that your head will fall into it; in truth if t'were an Article of our faith to believe that you are a man, I should have strong motives to suspect, that to give life to your body, they had been faine to put into it, the universall soul of the world; You must needs be something very great indeed, since the whole Community of Brokers are employed to cloath you, or else that those people seeking to sell their commodities, and not being able to bring all the streets in *Paris* to the market, have laden you with their fripperie, that the market may walke about the streets: but this reproach

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needs

needs not trouble you, contrarywise 'tis very advantageous to you, it makes you known to be a publique Person, since you are cloathed at the publique charge, besides many other things renders you very considerable, without adding to them; that as the Egyptians judged of their abundance, by the thicknesse of the mud of *Nilus*, after her overflow, so may we by your good case, suppute the number of illegitimate embraces, that have been made in your suburbs. Well, but concerning the Tree I just now compared you to, 'tis said, you are so fruitfull a one, that there's never a day, but you bring forth: But I know, that these kinds of injuries come not near you, and that your calumniators (when the third coat of the Cards was your Picture) durst not offer so many affronts to your face; you then wore a blade, that would have had satisfaction of such backbiters, they would not have accused you of impudence, as now they do, when you was in a condition to change your colour so often. These, Sir, in a manner, are the abuses, with which they persecute your lamentable reputation: I would make a little longer Apology for them, but that my paper being at an end, I must be so to. Permit me then to take my leave of you, without the customary ceremonies: for these persons that thus scorn you, and whom I have a great esteem for, would think, that I were a servant to the *Jamboncineux's* servant, if I had said at the bottom of this Letter, that I am,

SIR,

Your Servant.  
Tambourineux.

Conso-

22. *Consolation for one of his friends, upon the  
Eternity of his Father in Law.*

**T**He Doctors (better then I) will one day ease you of the life of this person, let them but alone, their stroaks none can put by. You'l answer me without donbt, That he hath already above a dozen times, passed by the time of dying, that the Parque forgot him, and that having gon so far beyond him, she is now loath and lasse to come back so far and fetch him. No, no; Sir, be in good hope, till he hath lived nine hundred years, the age of *Methusalem*. But speak to him continually, and that scoldingly, roar, play the devill, thunder in the house, let every thing be crosse to him, and take some course to make him aweaty of his life: Why, *Arcephius* and the Sybill *Cumea*, lived nothing in respect of him. He was brought forth before Death was born, and that's the reason death dares not strike him, for she's afraid to kill her father; and if this consideration did not hinder her, she sees him so weak with age, that he would not be able to go into th'other world. Besides too, I think another thing may be the reason, which is, that death, who sees him do no action of life, takes him rather for a statue, then a living creature, and thinks it belongs rather to time or fortune, to overthrow him, then to him. After this, Sir, I much wonder, that you should say, that he, (being ready to close the circle of his daies) being arrived at that point where he first set forth,

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hee's

he's becomming a child again. Ah, Sir, you jeaft, and for my part, I cannot fo much as believe, that he ever was one: What, he a Boy? No, no, he never was, or *Moses* was out in his Calculation of the worlds creation. Though, if it be permitted us to name every thing fo; that can hardly die, the functions of a child I grant you; for he muft indeed be more ignorant then a plant, that knowes not how to die, that which every thing that hath life, underftands without a Mafter. Oh, had he been but known by *Aristotle*, that Philofopher would not have defined Man a rational Animal. Thofe of *Epicurus* his feft, which demonftrate, that the Beafts have the ufe of reafon, muft except this: Ah! if it were but true that he were a beaft. But alas, in the order of animated beings, he is a little more then a Hartichoke, and fomething fhort of an Oyfter: infomuch that, but that you think he hath no feeling, I fhould believe him to be that which they call the Sensitive plant. Confefle then, that you are to blame, to be weary of his life; he hath not yet lived, he hath onely fleep, have patience at leaft, till he hath taken a nap. Hath no body told him, are you fure, that death and fleep are brothers? He fpeaks perhaps a ferupule, (being tender confcience'd) having enjoyed me, to have any thing to do with t'other. Infer not hence, that I would by this prove, that the perfon of whom we fpeak is a foolifh man; not at all; he is nothing leffe then a man: For however he may have been baptized like us, that's a priviledge the parifh-Bells enjoy as well as he. I could fpeak of his life, till I end my own, to allay your griefs; but fleep begins to  
 caufe

cause so great weakneses in my hand, that my head for company falls upon my ear. Ah, as I live I write I know not what. Farewell, good-night.

*SIR,*

*Your Servant,*

*23. Against a Plagiary.*

*SIR,*

**S**ince our friend planders our Conceptions, 'tis a signe he esteems us; he would not take them, if he did not believe them good; and we are much to blame to take it ill, that having no children of his own, he adopts ours. That which troubles me, (for you know, that I am a revenger of wrongs, and am very much enclined to distributive Justice) is, to see him attribute to his wicked Imagination, the good services done him by his Memory, and that he calls himself the father of a thousand high fancies, which at most he hath been but a midwife to, often. This, Sir, let us brag, that we write better than he, whilst he writes just as we do; and laugh, to see him at this age have a writing-Master by him, since by it he doth us no other mischief, then to render our works more legible. We ought contrariwise receive with respect, those wise and morall advertisments, by which he endeavours to reclaim the extravagances of our youth; yea certainly, we ought to give more faith to them, and make no more doubt of them, then of the Evangelists; for all the world knowes, they are not things that he hath devised. In troth, to have such a friend, is to maintain a



Presse at an easie rate. For my part, I imagine,  
 (for all his great Manuscripts) that if after his  
 death, they make an Inventorie of his Study of  
 Books, that is, of those that proceeded from his  
 own brain, all his works together, (taking away  
 that which is not his) will make a Library of  
 white paper. He assumes the spoils of the dead,  
 and he believes to have invented that which he  
 remembers. But 'tis but an ill proof, of the no-  
 ble extraction of his thoughts, to derive their  
 antiquity but from a man that is still alive: But  
 by this he concludes for the Metempsychosis,  
 and shews, that if he should make use of what  
*Socrates* was the Author of, he should not rob  
 him, he himselfe having formerly been the same  
*Socrates* that invented them: And then, hath he  
 not memory enough to be rich with that onely  
 why, he hath one so vast, that he remembers that  
 which was said, thirty Ages before he was in the  
 world: Obtain of him for me, (I that am a little  
 more sensible then the dead) a permission to dare  
 my thoughts, that my posterity may not remain  
 doubtfull. There was heretofore a goddesse, *Eccbo*,  
 this without doubt must be the god; for, like her,  
 he never saies any thing, but what others have  
 said before him, and repeats it so verbatim, that  
 transcribing the other day one of my Letters, (he  
 call'd it composing) he had the most ado in the  
 world, to subscribe, Your servant, *Beaulieu*, be-  
 cause at the end of it there was,

Your Servant,  
*De Bergerac.*

## 24. Another, on the same subject.

SIR,

**A**fter having put in a heat against us, this man, that is nothing but flegme, do we not fear, that one of these daies they will accuse us of burning the River? This water-wit murmurs continually, like the fountains, yet no body understands what he saies. Ah! Sir, what a strange accident this man makes me foresee at the end of the world, which is, that if he dies not, till his memory have an end, the resurrection-trumpets will never be silent, this onely faculty in him leaves room for no other; and he is so great a persecutor of common sense, that he makes me suspect, that the universall judgment was promised, that such as he might have some, who had none in particular. And to speak ingenuously, who ever sends him out of this world, will be much to blame, to dispatch him without reason. Nevertheless he speaks as much as all Authors, for they all seem to have spoken but for him: He never opens his mouth, but we find a theft in it, and he is so accustomed to thieving, that when he holds his tongue, 'tis that he may steal from those that are dumb. For all this, ours is but a false valour, and we unjustly share the advantages of the combat, to oppose our understandings that have three faculties, to his, that hath but one. Therefore it is, that he hath a great vacuum in his head; he ought to be pardoned, since it was impossible for Nature to fill it with a third part of a reasonable soul: But to make amends for that,

he never lets it sleep, he still employes it in undressing. And those great Philosophers, who by professing poverty, thought to have freed themselves from contribution, pay him every day (the very poorest amongst them) a tax of ten Conceptions, and this wretched wit-stealer lets not one escape, but imposes on them according to the extent of their income: 'Tis to little purpose that they hide themselves, he'll make them disburse, and speak English: Nay, sometimes they must be content to see their whole Estate confiscated, when they have not wherewithall to pay the tax. He exercises these rapines in safety, for *Greece* and *Italy* being under other Princes, he shall not be questioned in *England* for the robberies he hath done them. I believe he thinks, because that the Heathens are our enemies, that what he plunders them of, is lawfull prize. This, Sir, is the reason, that in every page of his Epistles, we see the Cameter of the living and of the dead; after this, you need not doubt, but that (if at the resurrection, every one takes that which belongs to him) the sharing of his writings, will be the last difference among men. After he hath been five or six daies in our companies, rifling us, more laden with points of wit, then a Porcupine, he goes and sticks them in his Epigrams and Sonnets, like Pins into a Cushamer: Yet for all this, he boasts, that there is nothing in his Writings, that doth not as justly belong to him, as the Paper and Ink which he paid for; that the twenty four Letters of the Alphabet are as much his, as ours, and consequently, the disposition of them: And that *Aristotle* being dead; he may lawfully seize

seize upon his books, since his lands, which are immoveables, are not now without Masters. But besides all this, when we find sometimes the cloak upon his shoulders, he adopts it his own, and protests, that he never lodged in his memory any fancy but his own; but that may well enough be, his writings being the Hospitall where he receives mine. Now if you should ask me the definition of this man, I would answer you, That he is an Eccho, that hath purged himself of a short breath, and that would have been dumb, if I had never spoke. I for my part am an unfortunate father, that lament the losse of my children. 'Tis true, he is very generous of his wealth, for 'tis more mine then his own; and 'tis true too, that if they were on fire, I should, in throwing water on them, save nothing but mine own. Therefore I retract all that I have reproch'd him with: And indeed, of what fault can I accuse an innocent, that hath done nothing? and although he hath err'd, he hath done it but after me. I no longer accuse him then, we are two good friends; and I have alwaies been so concern'd for him, that he never yet was employed in any thing, but that I did it to his hand; his works were my onely thoughts, and when I was a studying, I thought of what he was to write. Rest assured then, I beseech you, that all that I before seemed to upbraid him with, was, onely to perswade him, to spare his ridiculous comparisons of our fathers, for that is not the way to arrive to what he aspires, to be an incomparable Author, seeing that 'tis a signe, his Bias is strong to theiving, to filch for raggs, and to have no better flowers of eloquence



quence, then some even as's, so that's, or such like. How now, is not the thunder in the middle region of the aire, far enough from his reach? nor the torrents of *Thrace* rapid enough, to hinder his diverting them into this Kingdom by force, to marry them to his comparisons? I cannot find the drift of this filcher, unlesse it be that this Flegmatique, endeavours to make of his aquatique fancies torrents, for feare they should become corrupt, or that he would warme his cold conceits with the fire of lightning and thunder; but since, in spite of what I can say to him, hee'l not be able to overcome the Tyrannicall malignity of his Planet, and since this theevish inclination hath so great an Empire over him, let him gleane at least on the good Autors: for what booty doth he pretend to find in so miserable a one as I am, hee'l load himselfe with trifles; neverthelesse he consumes whole nights and dayes in stripping me from head to foot: and this is so true that I will show you in all his Letters the beginnings and endings of Mine, I am

SIR,

Your servant.

25. *Against a great man.*

**A**T last I have seen thee (mighty man): My eyes have perform'd great journeyes upon you; and that day that you corporally rouled to me, I had the leasure to run through your hemisphear; or, to speak more truly, to discover some parts and Cantons of it: But my eyes being not the universall ones of the world, permit me



me to give your picture to Posterity, who will one day be glad to know how you were fashion'd. They must know then, in the first place, that nature who placed you a head upon your breast, would give you no neck purposely thereby to take it from the malignity of your Horoscope; That your soul, is so big that it would very well serve one a little slender for a body; that you have that which in men they call Face, so much below your shoulders, and those that are called shoulders, so high above your face, that you resemble, a St. Dennis, carrying his head in his hands: yet I tell but halfe of what I see, for if I carry my eyes a little lower to your gorbelly, I imagine I see in *limbo* the faithfull in Abrahams bosome, Saint *Ursula* that Carries the 11 Thousand virgins in her apron, or the Trojan Nag, stufft with forty thousand men; but I am deceived, you are something that is bigger. I have more reason to believe that you are a wenne in the intrails of Nature, and twin to the earth: why, you never open your mouth, but you put us in mind of the fable of *Phaeton*, where the globe of the earth speaks; the globe of the earth I say, and if the earth be an animal, you being as round and as big as she, I'll maintaine that you are her Male, and that she safely was delivered of *America*, which you made her big withall: well! what think you, Is the Picture like for the first touch? By the description of your sphere of flesh, all whose members are so round that each of them makes a Circle, and by the universall roundnesse of your thick Masse, have I not told our *Nephews*, that you were not a Chouse, since you go roundly to worke? Could I better

better convince of falsehood those that threats you with Poverty, then by making it appeare to them that you'll rowle continually. And in fine, was it possible more intelligibly to demonstrate that you are a Miracle, since the good case you are in makes your spectator take you for a lump of Veale that struts about upon its lardons. I believe you'll object that a bowle, a Globe, nor a peece of flesh, are no writers, and that your faire *Sydon* hath made you Triumph upon the Theaters of Venice: but, between you and I, you know where the businesse lies, every body in *Italy* knowes that this tragedy is *Æsops* Crow; that you knew it by heart before you invented it, for 'tis taken from *Guarini's Aminte* et *Pastor fide* from Cavalier *Marin* and a hundred others: one may call it the Piece of Pieces, and you not onely a Bowle, a Globe, and a lump of flesh; but likewise a lookinglasse that takes all that is set before it, but that you represent the Language but ill. Confesse then, and I'll not speak on't, but I'll excuse you, and tell the world that your Queen of *Carthage* must needs be a body composed of all natures, being of *Africa*, whence comes all the Monsters. I'll add besides that that piece took so well with all the Nobles of that republique that they like the actors play'd with it: some Block head perhaps by reason of the barrennesse of wit in it, will conclude, that you thought of nothing when you made it: But all the learned know that to avoid obscurity you have placed the good things in it very thin, to make them the more clear; and what if they had proved that from the nettle to the fire tree, that is, from

*Tasso*

*Tasso* to *Corneille*, all the Poets have brought forth your Child, they could inferre nothing from it but that an ordinary soul being not big enough to quicken your great Masse from one end to another, you were animated with that of the world, and that is now the cause that you imagine with the braine of all men; but they are farre enough from granting that you imagine. They maintaine, that 'tis not possible that you can so much as speake; or if you do, 'tis as did heretofore the Sibill's grot, that spoke without knowing it: but although the fumes that come from your Mouth (your bung I would say) are as capable to intoxicate as were those that were exhaled from that grot, I see nothing in it that is Propheticall, that makes me think that you are at most but the seaven sleepers den, that snore through your mouth. But good gods! what i't that I see? you seeme more i'wel'd now then ordinary. Is it anger then that doth it? Already your legs and your head is so united by their extention to the Circumference of your Globe, that you are now but a bundle: you fancy perhaps that I jeast; in truth you guesse right, and the miracle is not great that a bowle should hit the Mark. I can besides assure you that if a balling could be sent in writing, you would read my letter with your shoulders; and do not wonder at my proceeding: for your vast Extent makes me so really believe you, the earth; that I would willingly plant some timber upon you, to see how it could beare? Do you think then, (because a man can fully beate you in 24 houres, and that he cannot in a day Chine but one of your Omoplates) I will  
trust

trust to the Hangman for your death. No, no, I my self will be your Parque; and there had already been an end of you, if I were well delivered from the spleene; to cure which, the Physitians have ordered me four or five takings of your Impertinencies. But as soon as I am become banquerout of pleasure, and that I am weary of laughing, rest assured, that I will make you no longer count your self amongst those things that live. Adieu, 'tis done. I would have ended my Letter as I use to do, but you would not for all that have believed, that I was your thrice humble, obedient, and affectionate; therefore, great bursten-gut.

*Servant to the Bedstraw.*

24. *Against Scarron.*

SIR,

**Y**OU demand of me my judgment of this Fox, to whom those grapes seem too green, that he cannot reach. I am of opinion, that as one arrives to the knowledge of a cause by its effects, so to know the strength of this mans wit, or his weaknesses, we need onely cast an eye on his productions. But I am out, to say productions, for he never could do otherwise then destroy; witnesse the god of the Roman Poets, whom at this time he makes rave. I'll confesse to you then, concerning that, in which you demand my opinion, that I never saw a ridiculous thing more serious, nor a serious more ridiculous, then his. The people approve of him, by that you may conclude. 'Tis not, but that I esteem his judgment; how-

however, in having chose to write a mock-style; (for to write as he doth, is to mock the world) his companions may, if they please to heighten his glory, say, That he treads in a path, wherein none hath gone before him, & that he hath had no guide. I grant it. But let them lay their hands upon their consciences, say true, is it not easier to make *Virgil's Aeneids* like *Scarron*, then to make *Scarron's Aeneids* like *Virgil*? For my part, when I see him to prophane *Apollo's* holy art, me-thinks I hear an angry frog croak, at the foot of *Parnassus*. You'll say perhaps, that I use this Author something ill, to reduce him to the Insects; but since you oblige me to draw his picture, to do it, I cannot proceed otherwise, (having never seen him) then to follow that Idea, which I have received of him from all his friends: There is not one but confesses, that he hath left off being man, without dying, and is nothing else but form. But by what shall we know him? he goes contrary to the common opinion, and he is arrived to this point of bestiality, to banish points of wit and fancy from compositions; when reading, he unfortunately lights upon one: to see the horror he is surpris'd with, one would think, that his eyes are lighted upon a Basilisk, or that he hath trode upon an Aspe. If the earth had never known other points, then the pricks of Thistles, Nature hath so form'd him, that he would not have dislik'd them; for between you and I, when he seems to be sensible, that a point pricks him, I cannot but believe, that he doth it to perswade us, that he is not insensible: But whether he be so or no, I'de let him alone, if he did not erect

Trophies



Trophies to stupidity, & support them by his example. How? this good Gentleman would have one write nothing, but what one hath made, as if we now spoke French, onely because heretofore they spoke Latine; or were not reasonable till we are moulded. We are then much obliged to Nature, for not making him the first man; for without doubt he would never have spoke, if he had heard braying first. 'Tis true, to make his conceits understood, he makes use of a kind of Idiorisme, that makes the world wonder, how the twenty four Letters of the Alphabet can meet in so many fashions, and say nothing. After this, you'l ask me, what judgment I make of this man, that saying nothing, speaks continually? Alas, Sir, none at all, unlesse it be, that his disease must needs be well rooted in him, that 'tis not yet cured, although he hath fluxed at the mouth above fifteen years. But concerning his infirmity, 'tis believed as a miracle of this holy man, that he had no wit till he was brain-sick; that had she not troubled the æconomy of his temperature, he was cut out for a great fool; and that nothing can blot out his name which he hath plaister'd on the front of memory, since *Mercurius*; and *Larchet* could not do it. Those that jeer him, add, that he lives by dying, because that the Neapolitan drogne, which hath cost him dear, and raised him to preferment in the number of Authors, he sells every day to the Stationers. But let them say what they will, he'l never dye with hunger; for, provided his chair be not defective, I am very confident, he'l rub out well enough till death; if he had as well secured his

his Poems against the fury of oblivion, they would not be in danger as they are, to be inhumed in blew paper; nor is there any likelyhood, that that paltry-style, and those tales of *Robin Hood*, will eternize *Scarron* so many daies, as the history of *Aeneas* hath done *Virgil*: Me-thinks he'd do a great deal better, to get an Order from the Court, commanding all fish-wives to speak the same Gibberish, lest introducing new *verbs*'s instead of the old ones, before four months be at an end, one be doubtfull in what language he hath writ. But alas, in this earthly habitation, who can promise himself eternity in mens good opinions, when it depends on the vicissitude of these proverbs: I'll assure you, the thoughts of it hath made me often judge, that he had need make use of some points and sharpnesses of wit, to prick forward the horses that draw the chariot of his renown, otherwise she is not likely (if she goes as slow as he doth) to go far: Why? the Greeks were lesse time in besieging *Troy*, than he hath been about his. To see him without armes and legs, (if his tongue were quiet) one would take him for a sprout, planted in the porch of Death's Temple. He doth well to speak, otherwise one could not tell, whether he were alive or no; and I am much mistaken, if every one did not say, (after having so long heard him houl under *Larches*) that he is a good Violon. Do not imagine, Sir, that I give him this thrust, to fence with the equivocation of *Violon* or others; I can assure you, if ever the *Parque* should have a fancy to dance a *Saraband*, shee'd take in each hand a couple of *Scarron*'s, instead of *Castagnets*.

netas; or at least wife she would hold their tongues between her fingers and make use of them as they do the Lazeres snappers; faith, since we are gone thus farre, we had as good finish his picture. I fancy then (for we can but fancy those beasts that are not showed for money) that if his conceits are moulded in his head he must needs have a very flat one, that his eyes are of the biggest size, if nature hath made them of the same length that he hath made the craze in his head. They add to his description that the Parque above 10 yeares since wrung his neck, but could not strangle him; and some dayes since, one of his friends assured me that having considered his bent armes petrified upon his haunches, he took his Body for a Gibbet where the divell had hung a Soul; and perswaded himselfe that it might very well be that heaven animating this cadaverous and rotten Insect, to punish him for the finnes he was to commit, would before hand throw his soul to the dunghill: well Sir, you may please to exhort him from me, not to be incensed at these fancies, by which I endeavour to divert his thoughts from the cruell paines that torment him; I do it not to augment his afflictions, but 'tis not easie to gaine his beliefe to all pressing troubles: Besides (having taken a draught of his ill built face,) Is it not manifest to every one that since the Physitians have been so long employed in the cure of his Carcasse, he must needs be very hollow; and who knowes, but that God punishes him for the hatred he bears to those that have noble thoughts and conceptions; since we see his disease is become incurable, by having differ'd too long

long the putting himselfe into the hands of one that is learned. I am perswaded that this is also the reason that this enraged Cerberus throws his venom upon every body: for I was told that one showing him a Sonnet, which he told him (being ill inform'd) was mine, he cast such an Eye upon him, as obliged him to put it up againe without reading it. But these Caprices do not seeme strange to me: for how could he look otherwise then askint upon this composition, that looks no otherwise on the heavens? he that persecuted with three scourges, remains onely upon the earth to be a continuall object to men of Gods vengeance; he, whose calumnie and rage hath dar'd to throw his foame upon the purple of a Prince of the Church, and endeavours to cast the shame upon the face of a Heros, who happily under the auspices of *Lewis* governes the first kingdome of Christendome. In fine, all that is noble: August, great and sacred, doth so incense this monster, that like a Turkey-Cock in his anger as well as in his deformity, he cannot endure a Red Hat though France under it secure from her Enemies enjoyes a glorious & happy quiet. You may now easily judg that his icorn concerns me as nothing, and that 'twould have been a kind of a Miracle, if my Sonnet that passeth for smooth and full of salt, had relished with a Person so pepper'd: but I perceive I am a little too saucy to entertaine you with so abject a subject; To conclude, I advise you to rest satisfied without that pleasant Comedy that you would entertaine your selfe withall in showing him my Letter, or else learne first *Esop's* Language, that you may conster the



French to him. This is a part of what I had to send to you, the other consists in adding the, *I am*, for feare of bringing it ill in : for he is so much an enemy to good thoughts that if this Letter should one day fall into his hands, hee'd publish every where, that I had ill concluded, if he should find that unawares I had not put at the Bottome I am,

SIR,

*Your servant.*

27. *Another Letter.*

Master *Ican*,

**I** Much wonder that on the Pulpit of truth you erect a Mountebanks Theater; that instead of preaching the Gospell to your Parishoners, you fill their Eares with a hundred ridiculous stories; that you have the impudence to recite things that Jack pudding under his vizer would blush to bring forth; that prophaning the dignity of your office, you describe the most licentious and debauched pleasures under colour of reproving them, with so particular Circumstances, that you put us in mind (O abominable) of the sacrifices that were heretofore made to the God Priapus, whose Priest was the Pimp. Certainly Master *Ican* you ought to exercise your Office with lesse scandall, if you were no other wayes obliged to it, then that it raised you from the dunghill on which you was borne, to the state Ecclesiastique, for if you have not the power to forbear your Boffon humour, dissemble at least; and when your duty obliges you to preach the Gospell, to make us believe it, do you seeme to do so? Permit

us



us to deceive our selves, and blind the eyes of our Reason, that we may not see your Impertinences; and since in spite of the bug beares, you are resolved to deliver these holy Mysteries like a farce or pappet play, do not ring the bells to call your people to the sermon. Come down from the Chair of truth, and get up upon a stall at the Corner of a street, make use of a Biscayin drum, set a Capering Monkey upon your shoulders, and to end the momery, in all points, slip your hand into your shirt and you'll find Godenot in his knapsack; Then no body will be scandalized that you give pastime to the Clownes; you may like a Mountebanck tell the vertues of your Mitrirate, utter your pomander bracelets, and balls for the itch and gald Arses; you may likewise make provision of Ointment for a burne; for the witches of the Country, swore to me that they read in the scedule you gave (you know to whom) that the terme expires at Christmas: you may if you will give no beliefe to the Possessed, 'tis seene enough by the contorsions that disturbe you and your corporall tormentis, that you have the divell in you: and 'tis to little purpose that you think to free your selfe from the tormentis of hell, by a strong imagination and haunring debauched places. But we care not, provided you lime none but old, or barren ones, because the coming of Antichrist startles us, and you know the prophesie but you laugh master *Ican*, you that believe in the Apocalyps as in the Mythologie, & say that hell is a foolish story to fright men withall, as they use to fright Children by threatening to make them eate a piece of the Moon.

Confesse, confesse that you are the Incomparable! for, expound a little, how can you be impious and Bigot at the same time, and weave with the thread of your life, a mixed stuff of Superstition & Athism? Ah! master John my friend, you'l dye dancing to the Saints-bell; & indeed when we consider the joint peeces that compose the symmetry of your members we are so satisfied that we need not consult an Oracle to be assured; and were your haire more cleane and upright then your Conscience, your forehead cut into Lanes (after the Modell of the fields of Beauffe) where the sun markes your flats by the shadow of your furrowes as exactly as he shows the day-hours upon a sundiall; your eyes under shelter of your bushie eye-browes, that look like two precipices on the brink of a wood, are so much sunke, that if you live but a month longer you'l look upon us with your Occiput, to see them so red as they are: one is perswaded that one sees two bloody Cometts, and I find some resemblance, a little above in your Eye-browes is discovered, fixed starres (that some call otherwise) your face is shaded by a nose whose infection is the cause that you stink, in all mens opinions: and my shoemaker assured me the other day that he took your cheeks for a peece of black Spanish leather, nay I have suffered my tongue to say that the smallest haire of your Mustachoces, charitably furnishes your Church with a holy water-brush; this I think is somewhat neere in Hieroglyphick the Image that Constitutes your Horoscope. I would proceed, but expecting visiters I feared least I should omit telling you at the bottome of my Letter, that  
which

which is not ordinarily set there, that I am not,  
nor ever will be,

Your Set-Quart,

Mons<sup>r</sup> Ican.

### 28. Against a Pedant.

SIR,

I Wonder, that such a log as you, (who by your  
Habit seems to be become but a great Char-  
coal) should not yet blush, and become red, with  
the fire that burns you within. Think at least,  
when your bad Angel makes you rebell against  
me, that my arme is not far from my head, and  
that till now, your own weaknesse, and my ge-  
nerosity, hath secured you; although you are a  
very contemptible thing, yet I'll free my self of  
you, if you become troublesom. Give me not  
occasion then to remember, that you are in the  
world; and if you will live above a day, call  
to minde often, that I have forbid you to  
make me the object of your slanders; my  
name fills a period but ill, the thicknesse  
of your square waste would close it a great  
deal better. You act *Cesar*, when from your  
Pedagogist-Tribunall, you see your little  
Monarchy tremble under your wooden Scepter.  
But take heed, that a Tyrant raises not up a *Brutus*;  
for although you are the space of four hours  
upon the head of Emperours, your Domination  
is not so strongly established, but that the sound  
of a Bell destroyes it twice a day. 'Tis said, you  
boast, that you expose in all places your consci-  
ence and your salvation. I believe this of your

H 4

piety

piety. But to hazard your life for it, I know you want courage, and that you would not stake it against the Monarchy of the world. You consult and plot my ruine, but they are bitts that you cut out for others. You would gladly, from the shore in safety, behold a ship wrack at Sea; and I the whilst am condemned to the Pistoll, by a Puritanicall pedant; a Pedant *in sacris*, who ought for an example, if the image of a Pistoll had taken place in his thoughts, to be exorcised. Barbarous Schoolmaster! what cause have I given you, to wish me this ill? You run over all the crimes perhaps, which you are guilty of, and then you think of accusing me of that impiety, which your own memory taxes you withall. But know, that I know a thing which you know not, and that thing is god, and that one of the strongest arguments (after those of faith) that hath convinced me of his true existence, is, the consideration, that were it not for a summary and soveraign goodnesse, that reignes in the Universe, thus wicked and weak as you are, you could not have lived so long unpunished. Besides, I have learnt, that some little works, though much above yours, hath caused in your timorous courage, this passion that you thunder against me: But in truth, Sir, I am ready to quarrell with my own imagination, that she hath made my Satyr bite harder then yours, although yours be the fruit, that the best wits of the ancients have sweate for. You ought to be offended at Nature, and not me, that cannot help it; for could I imagine, that to have wit was to injure you? You know besides, that I was not in the belly



belly of that Mare that conceived you, to dispose to humanity those organs, and the complexion that concurred to the making you a Horse: I pretend not however, that these truths that I preach to you, should reflect upon the body of the University, (that glorious Mother of Sciences) of which, if you are any member, it is the shamefull one. There is nothing in you, that is not very deformed; your very soul is black, it being in mourning for the death of your conscience, and your habit, as its giblets, keeps the same colour. I confesse 'tis true, that a miserable Hypochondriack, as you are, cannot obscure the merit of the learned men of your profession; and however a ridiculous vain-glory perswades you, that you are the ablest Regent of the University, I protest to you, (my good friend) that if you are the greatest man in the Muses Academy, you are beholden for it onely, to the greatnesse of your members; and that you are the greatest personage of your Colledge, by the same right, that St. Christopher is the greatest Saint in our Ladies Church; 'tis not but that, if fortune and justice were agreed, you would very well deserve to be the chief of four hundred Asses, that are taught at your Colledge; yea, certainly you deserve it, and I know, that the Master of the high function, whom whipping better becomes than you, nor none to whom it more justly belongs; and of that great number, I know those that would give ten pound to flea you; and if you'll believe me, take them at their words, for ten pounds is more, then the skin of a horn'd beast can be worth. From all these, and from all the other things



things that I writ to you t'other day, you may conclude, (little Doctor) that the Destinies command you by a Letter, that you content your self to shipwrack the wits of the youths of *Paris*, against the fears of your School; and not think to domineer and play the Regent over him, that doth acknowledge the Empire neither of *Monet* nor *Theſaurus*. In the mean time, you gore me with sharp horns, and resuscitating in your memory the thoughts of your cruelty, you compose of it a Romance, of which you make me the *Heros*: Those that will excuse you, lay the fault on Nature, that brought you forth in a Countrey, where bestialitie is the first patrimony; and of a race, that the seven deadly sins hath composed the historie of. After this, in troth I am to blame to take it ill, that you endeavour to attribute to me all your crimes; since you are of age to give away your wealth; and that sometimes you seem so transported with joy, in reckoning up the debauched persons of this age, that you forgot your own self. 'Tis not necessary, that you ask, who told me of this stupid ignorance, that you think secret, you that glory in publishing it, and bellow it out so loud in your School, that 'tis heard from the Orient to the Occident. I advise you however, Master *Picar*, henceforward to change the subject of your Haranges, for I will no longer see you, hear you, nor write to you; and the reason is this, That God, who possibly is upon terms of pardoning my sins, would not forgive me, if I should have to do with a beast.

## 29. Against Lent.

SIR,

**Y**OU may canonize Lent as long as you please. For my part 'tis a holy-day, that my devotion will never celebrate; I look upon it as a great gash, in the body of the year, through which Death introduces himself; or as a great Caniball, that lives upon mans flesh, whilst we eat nothing but roots: The cruell Tyrant is so afraid of failing to destroy us, that having learnt, we are to perish by fire, the very first day of his reign he puts the world into ashes, and afterwards by a deluge, to exterminate the embracements remainders, he brings a tyde of fish into our very Cities. The Turk, that told the Grand Signior, that upon a certain day of the year, all the Frenchmen became frantick; and that a certain powder being applyed to their forehead, made them come to themselves again, was not of my opinion; for I'll maintain, that they are never wiser then upon that day: And if they object their *Mascarades*, I answer, That they disguise themselves, that Lent who looks after them may not find them; and indeed, he never catches 'em, but the next morning a bed, when they have pluckt off their visors. The Saints, who (being inspired by God) are wiser then we, disguise themselves likewise; but they unmask not till Easter day, when the enemy is gone. 'Tis not, that this Barbarian hath pittie on us, that makes him depart: No, no; but finding us so alter'd, that he himself doth not know us, he retires, thinking he hath mistaken us for some others.

others. You see already, that our armes lose their flesh, our cheeks fall, our chins grow sharp, our eyes hollow, the paunch-belly that you know, begins to see his knees; human Nature looks hideously: To be brief, the very Saints in our Churches would fright us, if they did not hide themselves. And after this doubt whether Martyrs have escap'd the wrack, the furnace, and boyling oyle, when in six weeks we see so many persons in good health, after they have appeased the fury of six and forty executioners, their presence alone is terrible: And I fancy Shrovetide, (that great day of Metamorphosis) a rich elder brother, that bursts his belly, whilst the poor younger ones, dye hunger-starv'd. 'Tis not, but that the law of Fasts is a well invented stratagem, to exterminate all the souls out of a Republick, that are like to come to the fire. But I think these fish-daies are to blame, to kill so many Calves in a season, in which they permit them not to be eaten; and to permit *March* to blow such bad winds from the quarter of *Rome*, that they make us eat but half what we would do. Why, Sir, there is not one Christian, whose belly is not a Sea of frogs, or a Kitchen-garden. I think upon the carcase of a man, that dies in Lent; one may see sprout out beet roots, 'skerrers', turnips, and carrets. But to hear our Preachers, you would think, that at this time we ought not to be flesh. What, is it not enough, that this lean Tyrant ruins our bodies, would he corrupt our souls too? he hath so perverted our precepts, that we may now communicate to women our temptations to the flesh, without offending

offending them, or god almighty. Are not these crimes, for which it ought to be expel'd out of well-govern'd Kingdoms? But 'tis not onely in our daies, that he rules with so much insolence, for our Saviour died in the first year of his reigne. The whole machine of the world was like to have vanish, and the Sun, (who was not used to these long falls) faild the same day, and lost his complexion, & would never have recovered his weaknesse, if they had not presently made an end of Lent. O thrice and four times happy is he, that dyes on a Shrove-tuesday, he is almost the onely man that can boast, that he lived a year without Lent. Yeas, Sir, if I were assured to abjure the heresy every holy-Saturday, I would turn Huguenot every Ash-wednesday. Our reformed fathers may well pray to God, that the Pope may never happen to be my prisoner of war; for, although I am a Catholick good enough, yet I would not set him at liberty, till he had for his ransom restored all the flesh-daies, he hath taken from us: I would oblige him likewise, to degrade *March* from the number of the 12 months of the year, as being the *Ganlon*, that betraies us to a great deal of hardship. 'Tis to no purpose to say, that he is not altogether against us, since either with his head, or his heels, he alwaies dips in the dripping-pan; that he onely frees himself from the Megrim, by the Cramp; and, in fine, that Lent is his Gibbet, where every year he finds himself hung, either by the neck, or by the heels: He is the principall cause of the mischiefs, that our enemies do us, because 'tis he that lodges them, whilst they persecute us; and these persecutions

cutions are not imaginary, if the earth did not stop the mouths of the dead, I know what they would say well enough. And I think, that Easter was purposely so placed at the end of Lent, because they that Lent had kill'd, could not but want a resurrection. Wonder not then, that so great a part of the world exterminates him; for after having kil'd so many, he well deserves to be broke. In the mean while, Sir, you make Panegyricks to Lent, you praise him, that takes away my life; and I suffer without repining. I must needs be,

S I R,

Your Servant;

D. B.

36. For *Madam\*\*\*\*\** to *Mr. Cock*.

*Mr. Cock*,

**Y**OUR Hen desired me to send you this Poulet from her; all the others that you received from her, liv'd onely in paper, but this, brought up with more care, sucks, laughs, and breathes: For the Hen (contrary to the ordinary custom of her species) hath been nine months a hatching it. One would take this Chick for a little Man without a beard, and those that have cast his horoscope, have foretold, that he shall be one day a great Lord at *Rome*, because that the first time he broke silence, was with the word *Papa*. I have strictly charged him, to tax you with your ingratitude, and to conjure you to return to the nest of your loving Hen; and although he doth it but in his tongue, be not harder hearted then *St. Peter*, to whom heretofore the same language



was sufficient, to bring him to repentance. Leave then, O unconstant Cock, to debauch your neighbours wives; return to the roof of her, that so long since gave you her heart; of her, whose embraces did so often prevent your desires; and of her, in fine, who hath protested to me, (as ingratefull as you are) to oppresse you with her dearest favours, if you show but the least shadow of repentance: But nothing moves you. Why, impudent Cock as you are, do you not see, that your beard blushes for shame, that instead of humbling your self at her feet, and drailing your wings on the ground, you stand upon your points, and crow at her. You think perhaps, that this is not spoke like a Hen. But I understand likewise, that those tunes that you send forth to her praise, are not Cocka doodle's. In truth, these are fine testimonies of gratitude, to acknowledge the liberality of a person, that sends you her first brood. Without doubt, when you were the other day to see her, you did not half consider her. Look upon her now neerer hand, this little picture of your self, he doth much resemble you, and indeed, she made it by you; and I vow to you, it is the fairest fruit of good Christian, that hath been gathered with her this Autumn. But hold, I am mistaken, 'tis not a fruit, 'tis a Poulet; make this Poulet then as welcome, as she hath made yours. If it were onely for curiosities sake, you might show it all over *Paris*, as the first Cock that ever was born without a shell; otherwise Ple disavowall, and to excuse the cackling of your Hen, Ple publish in all

all places that all she did was onely to make  
*Mr. Cock,*

*A little Cock-a-lasne.*

**31. To a Count of meane Birth.**

SIR,

**I** Know not by what good fortune t'was; hat at  
 the same time that you read my examinations,  
 I was shewed yours; where 'tis affirmed by irre-  
 prochable witnesses, that a Count within this  
 three dayes, a Count at pleasure, a ridiculous  
 Count; in fine so little a Count, that he is none  
 at all, would in spite of the wholesome coun-  
 sell of his peaceable humour, create himsele va-  
 liant, that he who had so trained himselfe up to the  
 Battell of Cuffs that imagining that a duell tends  
 at most but to the destruction of halfe an Ell  
 of Cloth, he believ'd to have found in his wives  
 smock matter enough for a thousand Combats;  
 that he that had never been in the field but to  
 Graze, and in fine that he was Baptized onely for  
 the same reason that they give names to Bells.  
 Well then? young Knight of the enchanted  
 arms, put forward, grind your teeth, bite your  
 Thumbs, stampe with your foot, sweare a God  
 damme, and endeavour to become corragious, I  
 advise you however to hazard nothing, till you  
 are certaine that your Courage is come to you:  
 feel your selfe well first, that according as your  
 heart tells you, you may expose your breast to  
 the sword, or your back to the Cudgell; but I see  
 well enough you submit your selfe to the last,  
 for it very rarely kills: besides 'tis not likely that  
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the Queen of Pearles who did you the honour to advance your Feif to a Count, and who ſpeakes ſo honorably of you, hath made you a Miſchievous Count. I am troubled that you underſtand French no better, you would think by this Complement, that there were a Cudgell a cutting; and (ſaith) you would gueſſe right, for I profeſt to you that if a baſting could be conveyed in writing you would read my Letter with your ſhoulders, and that you would ſee there a man, armed with a Cudgel, viſibly fallie out of the place where I uſe to put,

SIR,

*Your ſervant.*

D. B.

### 32. To a Reader of Romances.

To me Sir,

**S**peak, Roman, tell me pray, Are *Polexander* and *Alcidiane* Cities that *Gaſtion* is going to beſiege? Introth till now, I believed my ſelfe at *Paris* living in *Mareſts du Temple*, and I thought you had been a voluntier in our troops in *Flanders* once drawne into a faction by a Corporall; but ſince you aſſure me that I am not my ſelfe, nor you him that I took you for, I am in Chriſtiani-ty bound to believe it. In fine, Sir, you command whole armies, O! Let us render thanks to fortune, who is now reconciled to vertue: certainly, I no longer wonder that looking for your name every Saturday in the *Gazetes*, I could not meet with it? you are at the head of an Army in a Country that *Reſhauldor* is not acquainted with!

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But

But tell me, dear Sir, do you think in your conscience you behave your selfe like a true Frenchman thus to abandon your Country, and by the absence of your Person weaken our Sovereign's Party? were much more for your honour I think to joyne in the Sea of *Italy* your fleet to ours, than to aspire to the Conquest of a Country that God hath not yet created. You ask of me the way: faith, I know it not; nevertheless I think you must leave that which you have taken: for to arrive at the *Canaries* 'tis not the nearest way to pass by the foole's little houses. I'll go then, & make some vowes and prayers for your prosperous voyage, and carry a candle to St. *Mathurin* and beseech him that I may one day see you well, to the end that you may certainly know, that all that I write you in this Letter, is onely to testify how much I am,

SIR,

*Your affectionate servant.*

### 33. *Against Physitians.*

SIR,

**S**ince I am condemned (but 'tis onely by the Physitian) from which I can more easily appeale then from a Criminall decree, you'll allow me (as they do Malefactors who from the ladder preach to the people) I that am in the hands of the hangman, to give some admonition and warning to Youth: The seavour and the Poticary holds a panniard to my Breast, with so much rigour, that I hope they will not suffer my discourse to be troublesome to you. This graduate notwithstanding

standing tells me, that it will be nothing and at the same time protests to every body else, that I cannot escape without a Miracle. Their presages however, although fatal, do not at all startle me; for I know well enough that the cunning of their trade obliges them to condemn all sick persons to death, to the end that if any one escapes his recovery may be imputed to their powerfull remedies; and if he dyes, that every one may cry him up for an Ableman; and say, that he knew well enough what would become of him. But admire a little, the Impudence of this hangman, the more I find the ill increase that his Physick is cause of, and the more I complaine of some new distemper, the more he rejoyces; and sayes nothing, but, All the better. When I tell him that I am fallen into a swoonding Lethargy, that held me almost an hour, he answers 'Tis a good signe; When he sees me in the Claves of a bloody flux, that teares me in peeces, 'tis well, sayes he, this is as good for you as letting Blood: When I grow sad to feel an excesse of cold to take hold of all my extreame parts, he laughs, and sayes he knew it well enough, that his Physick would quench that extreame fire; nay sometimes, when being almost dead, I have lost my speech, I heare him chide my friends that weep to see me in this sad condition, Fools that you are (sayes he) do you not see that 'tis his feavour that is at extremity, and is leaving of him? Thus this traitor rocks me, and in the meane time I am so well, that I am almost dead. I am not ignorant how much I was to blame to call my Enemies to my help; but, could I imagine that those whose knowledge makes profession to

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cure,



cure, would employ it altogether to kill me; for alas, you may believe, that if this were not the first time that I fell into the ditch, I should not now be in a condition to bemoan my self. I for my part advise those weak wrastlers, that they may be revenged of those that have thrown them, to turn Doctors, for I'll assure them, they'll send those to the ground, that had laid them there. In truth I think, that to dream in ones sleep, that one meets a Physician, is sufficient to put one into a feavour; to see their lean steeds (covered with a long hearse-cloth) feebly support their feeble Master; would one not think 'twere a Beere, that the Parque is got astride upon? and may we not take his riding-rod for death's standard, since she brings along his Lieutenant? This is the reason without doubt, that Policy commanded them to mounz Males, and not Mares, lest the race of Doctors becoming more numerous, there would have been at last more executioners then patients. Oh! what pleasure could I take, in anatomizing their Mules, those poor Mules, that never felt spur, neither within, nor upon their flesh, because boots and spurs are superfluities, that the delicate wisdom of the Faculty cannot digest. These Gentlemen govern themselves with so much scruple, that they make these poor beasts (because they are their domesticks) observe fasts more rigorous, than those of the Ninivites; and abundance of very long ones, the custom of which are forgotten. By these diets they leave them onely their bare skin upon their bones, and we that pay them well, are not better used;

used, for these frozen Doctors take more Gelly out of us, then they put in. In fine, all their discourses are so cold, that I find but one difference between them, and the people of the North; that is, those of *Norway* have alwaies mules upon their heels, and these have alwaies their heeles upon their mules. They are so great enemies to heat, that they have no sooner found out in a patient any luke-warmness, but, as if that body were a *Vesuvius*, they are presently a bleeding, and glistering, drowning this poor stomach in Sena, Cassia, and Barly-water, and weakning life, to debilitate (say they) this heat, that takes nourishment as long as it meets with matter to work upon; insomuch, that if the special hand of God makes them bound again towards the world, they presently impure it to the vertues of the refrigerative, with which they have benum'd this incendiary. They steal from us the heat and energy, that is in the blood. Thus having bled too much, our souls flying from us, serve as a shirtlecock, to their Chirurgeons *Palletes*. Well, Sir, what think you then, after this, are we not much to blame, to complain, that for a weeks sicknesse, they ask ten pound; is it not a cheap cure, where the life escapes? But confront a little, I beseech you, the resemblance that is between the Doctor's proceedings, and the processe of a criminall. The Physicians having considered the Urine, questions the patient upon the stool, and condemns him; the Chirurgeon binds him, and the Apothecary discharges his office behind; Those very persons that think they stand in need of them, do not

much esteem them ; no sooner are they come into the chamber, but one lolls out ones tongue at the Physitian, one turns ones arse to the Apothecary, and holds up ones fist at the Chirurgeon. 'Tis true, they revenge themselves with a witnesse, it alwaies costs the jeaster his life. I have observed, that all that is fatall in Hell, is comprehended in the number three; there is three Lakes, three Doggs, three Judges, three Parques, three Gerrons, three Hecates, three Gorgons, three Furies. The scourges God uses to punish mankind, are likewise three, the Sword, Pestilence, and Famine; the World, the Flesh, and the Devill; Hail, Thunder, and Lightning; the Blooding, the Physick, and the Glisten. In fine, three sorts of people are sent into the world, purposely to martyrize man in this life; the Lawyer torments the purse, the Physician the Body, and the Divine the soul. But these Masters of the Mules brag on't too; for mine coming one day into my chamber, I onely said, *Quot*, to him; this impudent homicide presently apprehending, that I ask'd him the number of his murders, laying hold of his great beard, answered me, *Tot*. I am not asham'd on't, saies he; and to show you that we teach how to kill as well as Fencers, we all our life-time exercise our selves upon the Tierce and the Quarr. That which I concluded upon the brazen impudence of this person, was, That if the rest of the profession confessed lesse, they notwithstanding did as much: That this was contented onely with killing, and that his companions to murder added treachery. That if on: would  
write

write the Physicians travells, one could not count them, by the Epitaphs onely of one Parish: And, in fine, the Feavour assaunts us, the Physitian kills us, and the Priest sings. But 'twere nothing, for Madam *Faculty* to send our bodies to the grave, if she did not attempt our souls too. The Chirurgion would run mad, rather then not kill with his firt, all those that are shipwrackt in his hands, and send them to sleep with their fathers. Let us conclude then, Sir, that sometimes they send death and his syth, buried in a grain of *Mandragon*, otherwise liquified in a Serringe, sometimes upon the point of a Launcer, that sometimes with a Julip, they make us die in *October*; and, in fine, they usually cloath their poisonings in so fine terms, that not long since I thought, that mine had obtained for me of the King an Abbey, *in commendam*, when he told me, that he was a going to give me a Benefice for the belly. Oh! how glad I should have been, if I could have found some way equivocally to have beaten him, as the country-wench did, who being asked by a Mountebank, whether she had any Poulxe, (which in French signifies also Lice) she answered him with boxes on the ears, and good scratches, that he was a fool, and that in all her life she never had neither Lice nor Fleas. But their crimes are too great, to be punish'd onely by equivocation, let us summon them to appear before a Justice, in the name of the dead. Amongst all mankind, they'l not find a Lawyer, thre's not a Judge, that cannot convince some of them of having killed his father; and amongst all those they have pra-



etised, that they have laid in the Church-yard, there is not a head, that doth not grind his teeth at them; should they devour them, there were no fear, that the tears shed for their losse, would enlarge the Rivers. None weeps at the death of such people, but those that lament, that they lived so long. They are so beloved, that every thing that concerns them is so, even their very death, as if they were other Messias's, for they die for the good of Mankind. But, good gods! is not this my evill Angel again? ah! 'tis the same, I know him by his gown. *Vadereis Satanas, Champagne*, bring me the holy-water pot. Graduated devill! I renounce thee, O impudent Satan! do you not come to give me another purge? Have mercy Lord, 'tis a Huguenot devill, he doth not care for holy-water. Oh! if I had but strength enough to break his pate. But alas, that which he hath made me take, is so well turn'd to nourishment, that by taking a great many consumed broths, I have quite consumed my self. Come quickly then to my help, or you'll lose,

SIR,

Your most faithfull Servant,

D. C. D. B



34. <sup>27</sup>Against a coward, Bragadocio.

SIR,

THE Prophet lies, cowards do not die at your age; besides, your life is not considerable enough, to be of those, that the heavens takes care to mark the duration of. Those of your scantling, may expect to die without a Comet, as well as a great many more that are like you, which Nature asleep brings forth every day, without taking notice of. I have been told in many places, that you brag, that I had a designe to kill you. Alas my friend, do you think me so foolish, as to undertake an impossibility? Ha! pray tell me, to kill a man suddainly, that hath neither brain nor heart, in what place must I strike him? I'll ne'r be seen, if your way of living impenetrable by injuries, makes not the world believe; that you have undertaken to try, how long a man without a heart, can naturally subsist. These reflections were considerable enough, to oblige me to make you feel the wait of a cudgell. But the long continuance of your Ancestors, whose antiquity you proclaim, will hold my hand. I find indeed some likelyhood, that it may be so, since a famous Genealogist made it clearly appear to me, that all your titles of nobility were lost in the Deluge; and that he proved to me, that you are as evidently a Gentleman, as the country-fellow did to King *Francis* the first, when he told him, That *Noah* had three sons in the Ark, and that he was not certain, from which he was descended. But however, I should have guess'd,

gues's'd, that you were of a good House, for no body can deny, but yours is as new a one, as any there is in the Kingdom. If you'll believe me then, take a Coat of Arms, let the Heraulds be offended if they will; you shall give these: *Vous porterez de gueules a deux felles, charges de cloux sans nombre; a la vileine en cœur, & un Baston Brisé sur le chef.* But as they give not Armes to a Peasant, that one would make noble, till he hath rendred himself worthy of it; by performing some warlike act, I stay for you, where this lackey will conduct you, that according to the prowesse of chivalry, that you shall make appear, I may clap a pair of spurs on you. You need not fear to be the sacrifice; for iffare waits for you any where, 'tis rather in the stable, than in the bed of honour, or upon the breach of a wall. And for my part, I that understand a little in Physiognomy, I engage you my word, that you are not destin'd to die in the field, unlesse it be by a surfeit of grasse. Consult upon it, however, all the powers of your soul; that I may arm myself quickly with a sword, or that which they call in French a *Baston*.

*End of the Satyricall Letters.*

35. *A Dreame.*

SIR,

THAT vision of Quevedo which yesterday we read together, left so many deep Impressions in me of the pleasant things it represented, that the last night I dreamt I was in hell, but that hell seem'd to me very differing from ours; the variety made me believe, that they were the Elisium fields; and indeed I had not gone farre but I saw the lake Avernus which I knew by the Greeks and the Romans descriptions of it, I saw *Acheron*, and the flood *Lethe*, the vigilant *Corberrus*, the Gorgons, the Furies, and the *Barques*, *Ixion* upon his wheele, *Tityus* devoured by a vulture, and many other things that are amply described in the Mythology. Having gone a little further, I met divers persons cloathed in the Greek and the Roman fashions, the one speaking Greek, the others Latin; and I perceived others imployed in leading them to severall apartments: they all seem'd very sociable, which made me put my selfe into their Company. I remember I accosted one; and, after many other discourses, having told him that I was a stranger, he answered me, that I then was come at a good time: for that day, the dead that have complained that they are ill associated, are all to change their lodgings; and that, if I were curious, I might have the pleasure of seeing it: he afterwards very courteously proffered me his hand; and I gave him mine. We go, continued he, into the Hall, where order is taken for the parting those that have a mind to leave

leave me another, and lodging them with others, we shall have the Convenience to see at ease, without tiring our selves, how every one will behave himselfe to make his cause good. We walked together then to the place, where at last we arrived. My guide gave me a place just by him, and by good fortune it hapned to be so near the Judges Chaire, that we could heare plainly each parties difference. As they came out of their ancient habitations, I observed (if I am not deceived) not as one would think they should have done, the kings with the Kings, &c. but many times the kings with the shepherds, Philosophers with peasants, very beautifull persons with very deformed ones, and old with young ones. But to begin, I perceived *Pythagoras* was very weary of his company which were a Company of Comedians, who by their continuall babble disturbed his high speculations. The Judge that governed there, told him, that esteeming him a man of a great memory, since after fifteen hundred yeares, he could remember that he had been at the siege of *Troy*, he was coupled with those persons that were not unprovided of it. Ho ! if that be all the reason (said he) why you lodge me with these tumblers, you may as well put me indifferently with any of the other dead ; for there's hardly a deceased person here ( if you'll believe their Epiraphe ) that is not of happy Memory : since then they are not the onely persons, with which I sympathise for Gods sake deliver me from the troublesome prating of these Kings and Queens, whose Reigne lasteth but two or three houres, These reasons being heard, the Judge sent him to another

another place I know, but where I do not remember. *Aristo*, *Plinie*, and *Elian*, & many other naturalists, having had to do with Beasts were coupled with the Moors, and the painter *Zenxis* was likewise lodged with them, his picture of grapes which the birds came to peck having convinced him of presumption. *Dioscorides* desired no better then to be set among the Lorrains, saying that he should agree with them very well, because he perfectly knew the nature of simples. But they considered better and sent him to *Pelias* his daughters, charging him to teach them to know the virtue of hearbs better then they did when they would have made their father young againe. *Raimond Lulus* that swore he had made *Aurum Potabile*, was placed with certaine rich Drunkards that had done the like. *Lucan* that *Nero* put to death, jealous of his Poem of the Pharsalian warres, associated himselfe with some little Children that dyed of the wormes. The Pimpes apartment fell to *Virgils* share for having debauched *Dido*, who (had it not been for him) had been a very discreet Lady. *Ovid* and *Alceon*, Criminals by chance, were lodg'd together, as persons that their Eyes had rendred miserable; they chose a retireing place very obscure, fearing (said they) to see too much. I saw *Orpheus* lodged with the Ballat singers of *Pont-neuf*, because they could allure beasts. *Aesop* and *Apulans*, kept house together, by reason of the conformity of their Miracles, for *Aesop* of an Ass made a Man, making him speake, and *Apulans* of a man made an assle making him bray. *Romulus* ranckt himselfe with the faulcothers, because he trained up birds to fly,

not



not a Partridge, but the Roman Empire. They talkt of putting Caesar amongst the Gamesters, I askt the reason, and was answered, Because that with one cast that he threw upon the Rubicon, he wonne the Empire of the world; neverthelesse they thought it more convenient to crush his pride, by putting him among the slaves that were heretofore thought to have spells to run with; you may, say'd the master of the Ceremonies to him, make triall once againe of your *Veni, V. di, Vici*. They lodg'd *Brutus* with those that used to ride the Bears because he was not afraid of spirits. *Cassius* whose ill sight had caused his death, among the great bellyed women whose sight is dangerous. *Caligula* would needs have had a more Magnificent appartement then *Darius*, because his adventures were incomparably more glorious: for, said he, I *Caligula*, I made my horse an Emperour, and *Darius* was made an Emperour by his horse. *Nero* appeared next, whom they joyned with a company of fiddlers, that he might perfect himselfe: they would have coupled him with *Timon* man's enemy, but fearing lest that nature one day might sympathise with their wishes, and make but one Generall head of all mankind, there might be a dispute betwixt them who should cut it off. I saw king *Numa* present a petition that he might be permitted to dwell with a certaine famous Hydromancer who formerly had done Miracles by water, as being as capable as t<sup>o</sup> other, having made the fountaine *Egerie* speak, and rendred it so cleare-sighted in state-affaires, that whereas an other Ingeneere would have conducted that, he suffered himselfe to be guided by it. *Nebuchad-*

*nezzar* was put into a Mountebanks hands, who promised himself great gains, by showing him, because that such a beast had not yet been seen. *Parroclus* took it ill, to see himself coupled with the curers of incurable diseases; but he was satisfied with reason, when they told him, that it was, because he, like them, had coustened death. *Jafan* was much out of countenance, to find himself in a great Hall, among a company of Spanish Courtiers, because he understood not their language; for he could not imagine what they meant, when he was told, that all the adventures of those young Knights, tended (as well as his) but to the golden Fleece. But consider a little, what 'tis to apply oneself to the reading of things fabulous, in an age, whose weaknesses adds faith to all one knowes. I have read nothing in the fables of the Heathens, that did not confusedly appear again in my fancy. Me-thoughts I saw *Jupiter* ranked with the fools, for that *Momus* had told, that he had been trepan'd: *Jupiter* being offended, ask'd, By trepanning, what the fool meant? That, answered *Momus*, when *Vulcans* grace clove your brain, to make you bring forth *Minerva*. The old *Saturn* that understood no cunning, received without murmuring the company of a troop of Mowers, because of the conformity of the Scepter. *Phabus* was made to follow some experienced players at Battledore, with order not to leave them, till he had learnt, not to take his friends head any more for a mark. Me-thoughts I heard *Sisyphus* commanded, to accost certain stone-hewers, that were there, to rid himself of his Rock to them;

I know not if he disposed of it, because curiosity made me turn my eye upon *Thetis*, who disputed for the choice of an associate; they put her by a certain Hypochondriack, who thinking himself Brick, would not drink, for fear of spoiling himself; for as if she formerly had feared the same thing, she durst not dip her son *Achilles* heel into the Sea, wholly to immortalize him. *Hecate* thrust into the croud, to get to *Garagantua's* mother; For, said she, if I have three faces, this hath one that is so big, that 'tis worth them all. 'Twas moved, that *Io* might be lodged with *Poppea*, *Nero's* wife, for certain reasons which I cannot call to mind: This Princess was content, provided, t'other would have a care how she kickt, for she was much afraid of 'em. *Dedalus*, the great artizan, made no resistance, although they gave him for companions, Sergeants, Clerks, and Attornies, and other men of the horn, because he was told, that quills were the instruments of their mischief, as well as of his; and that if they had not sometimes plaid the Harpyers, they would not have been brought to the beggars Fiddle. *Dalila*, *Samson's* Mistress, was put amongst the bald-pates; for fear if she had been with any others; she should have serv'd them as she did *Samson*. *Portia* was placed with those, that had the green sicknesse, the Judges of hell suspecting her to have it, since she swallowed coals. *Jocaste* and *Semiramis* kept house together, because they had both of them been mothers and wives to their sons, and twice made big by the same child. I saw every body very busie to accompany *Artemise*; some would

would joyne her again to her husband, because of their so much extolled love; others would carrie her to the Hospitall of great bellied women: But she quieted all their differences, lodging herself on her own accord, with some laundresses that she found there; upon condition, though, said she to them, that if I help you in your Bucks, the Ashes shall be at my disposall. *Theſeus* desired to lodge with the Weavers, intending to teach them how to guide the thread. *Perſeus*, *Andromede's* Brave, found himself well, with all the institutors of Orders indifferently, because they, like him, have all of them defended women. *Nero*, for whose place there was so much debate, chose at last of himself *Erostrato's* apartment, that famous madman, that fir'd *Diana's* Temple; For I am, said the Emperour, strutting up and down, one that loves as well as he, to warm my self at a good great fire. *Juvenal*, *Persius*, *Horace*, *Martial*, and almost all the Epigrammatists and Satyrs, were sent to the Manage, with the Academick riders, because the one and the other have had the reputation of Prickers. They put likewise with these Poets, a great many Pin-makers, Point-makers, Cutlers, and others, whose work is good for nothing, unlesse it be sharp. The Duke of *Clarence*, that voluntarily drowned himself in a barrell of Malmſie, went looking about for *Diogenes*, in hopes to get a room in his Tub; but he being not to be found, and they perceiving great *Socrates*, that was not yet coupled, Here's your businesse, say they to him; for both you, and this Philosopher, died by drinking. *Socrates* made a low bowe to his Judges,



and pointing, shewed them old *Heracitus*, that staid for a companion; order was given to the Romances Heros, to take him along with them, He is a person (said the Harbinger that marcht them) from whom you'l have a great deal of satisfaction; he hath a heart of flesh, you cannot tell him your adventures, (as amongst you 'tis a thing inevitable) without drawing tears from him; for he is no lesse tender of weeping, then your selves. *Euridice* took *Achilles* by the hand; Let's along, let's go, said she, for they cannot march us better, since both of us have our souls in our heels. I saw *Curtius*, that famous Roman, that cast himself into the gulph to save *Rome*, placed with a certain brutish fellow, that lost his life, in the protection of a debauched woman; I much wondred to see them couple persons so unlike; but I was told, that both of them died for the Re-publick. Afterwards they made *Icarus* and *Prometheus* companions, the one and the other having been addicted to steal. *Echo* was lodged with our modern Authors, because, like her, they say but what others have said before 'em. The Triumvirate of *Rome*, with that of *Hell*, that is, *Anthony*, *Augustus*, and *Lepidus*, with *Radamant*, *Aeques*, and *Minos*; because it was said, that those as well as these, had been Judges of Death. They were about to put *Flamel*, who pretended to have found the Stone, with those that were dead of that disease; but he was much offended, and cried, That his was the Philosophers Stone, and that there was an infinite difference, between the vertues of these two sorts of Stones; for they, continued he, are not tormented



ted with theirs, till after it is made ; but we contrariwise are most troubled in the making it ; besides, we are never cut of ours. These reasons heard, they sent him to finde out *Joshua*, because that some of them have bragg'd, that they had, as well as he, fix'd the Sun. Abundance of other Chymists followed this, with great respect, and received as Oracles the follies that he dispersed, in which, these people thought, that the secret of the great work lay hid. They were divided, one half was put with Colliers, as men of the Furnace, and the other with those, that have given blowes to Princes. *Hecube* was placed with *Cerberus*, to augment the number of infernall Porters, she bark't against the Officers for this affront ; but at last they satisfied her, telling her, that she was a three-headed monster, as well as t'other, since she had one as she was a Bitch, as a Woman two, and that one and two made three. I remember, they put some by themselves, amongst which was *Midas*, because he is the onely man in the world, that hath complained of being too rich. *Phocion* likewise was apart by himself, he being onely found, that had ever given mony to die ; and *Pigmalion* also was alone, because never none but he married a dumb woman. After this disposall of things, by which every one had their proper place, the representations of my Dream grew lesse distinct, and I could onely perceive a general figure of things ; as for example. I saw a whole body of Thieves, joyne company with the Fowlers now adaies, because they shoot flying ; our Writers of *Romances* with *Esculapius*, because, like him, in a moment, they do

miraculous cures; the Hangmen with the Physicians, because they are paid for killing; a great company of Fencers desired to be lodged with these of the faculty, because the art of Fencing reaches them, as well as it doth the Physicians, the knowledge of the Quart and the Tierce: But they were put among the Shoo-makers, in regard the perfection of the Art consists, in the well making of a Boot. Among the confused noise of a number of male-contents, I distinguished the voice of *Bouteville*, who thunder'd, and was monstrously enraged, that every one refused his company, but 'twas to no purpose; none durst come neer him, for fear of being engaged in quarrells. This man carried solitude with him, and I think, he would have been fain to have made himself a Hermit, if he had not at last applyed himself to the great Grammarians, that invented Duels. A Mountebank that sold his medecines, encreased the croud, by the number of fools that were got about him; many advised with him, and amongst the rest I saw *Orpheus* his wife, that desired of him a Cataplasim, for the itch of the eyes: There was *Priam* likewise, that came for an Unguent for a burn; but the *Saltinbanca* had not enough, for the whole City of this poor Prince was all burnt. I saw there abundance of Lawyers condemned to the fire, that they might see clear, into some businesses too obscure. As for the wise-men, they were put with the Architects, as persons, that in all things ought to use Rule and Compasse. 'Twas impossible to get the Druggers from the Furies, so fraid were they to want Torches. I much wondred to meet *Tiberius*,  
who

who expecting to be placed, in the meane time lay upon some stones to rest himself. I askt him if 'twould not be more for his ease to lye upon a bed: I should fear, said he, that the heat of the feathers would do me more hurt then the stones; In the mean while *Agripina*, *Nero's* Mother, conjured him to revenge her quarrell with *Seneca* who publisht that she had had four Children since her Marriage, she appeared furious, and almost out of her senses, but *Nero* quieted her by these words; Madame, one must believe but halfe what a slanderer saith. The Parques, were contented to be with poore Country wenches that feed their husbands with their distaffes, when they were told that those Country girles as well as they had spun mens lives. There came thither certaine Thrashers, and because they wanted flails, or scourges, they gave them *Attila* to make use of instead of others. The impudent persons associated themselves with the keepers of Lions, that they might learne of them, never to change colour, I should have seen a great deale more, if my Clock striking Eleaven had not waked me and put me in mind that at all houres of the night, and day, I am, and will ever be untill my last sleepe,

SIR,

*Your most affectionate servant.*

36. *Against the Frondeurs, or Slingers.*

**T**He Reader must take notice that this Letter was sent during the siege of Paris, and during the Peoples greatest animosities against the Cardinal, one must not then wonder to find things not altogether so fit for the present Estate of Affaires, which have much changed since that time.

To Mr. D. L. M. L. V. L. F.

SIR,

**T**Is true I am a Mazarin, 'tis neither fear nor hopes that makes me so ingenuously confesse it, 'tis the pleasure that I take in a truth, when I pronounce it. I love to make it known if not as much as I can, at leastwise as much as I dare; and I have such an Antipathy to his adversaries, that to give them justly the lye, I could with a good heart come from t'other world. Nature took so little care to make me a good Courtier, that she gave me but one tongue, for my heart, and for my fortune; if I had been desirous of the Applauses of *Paris*, or pretended to the Reputation of being Eloquent, I should have writ in favour of the *slingers*, because there is nothing more easie to perswade the people, then that which is easie to believe: But as there is nothing too, that more show a vulgar soul, then to be of the same opinion with the vulgar, I resist as much as possible the rapidity of the torrent, that I may not be carried away with the stream: and, to begin,

begin, I declare to you once more that I am a Mazarin. I am not however so unreasonable; as not to declare to you the cause why I betook my selfe to your party: know then, that t'was because I found it the Justest, and because 'tis true that nothing can acquit us of the obedience we owe to our lawfull Sovereign: for however the *slingers* stone us for it, I pretend to returne it them so smartly, that I'll drive them from all the Ports that their calumny hath reared against his Eminence. The first thing that in vaine the Poets of *Pont neuf* let fly (against the reputation of this great Person) was the alleadging that he was an Italian: To that I answer (not to these Heroes of blotted Paper, but to reasonable Persons that deserve to be disabused) that an honest man is neither a French man, a Dutch man, nor a Spaniard; he is a Cosmopolite a Citizen, of the world, and his Country is every where: but I grant that the Cardinall is a stranger; are we not the more obliged to him that he will leave his domestick Gods, to defend ours? Besides if he were a naturall Sicilian (as they believe) he is not for all that a vassail of the King of Spain; for History is witnesse that our Lillies have more right to the soverainity of that state, then the Castles of Castile,

But they are very ill inform'd of his Cradle; for although the family of the Mazarins was originally Sicilians, the Cardinal was born in Rome, and since he is Citizen of a neuter towne, he might consequently engage himselfe for the interest of that nation he pleased to make choice of: 'tis well known that the people of Rome, and



the nobles and Cardinals do thus take upon them the particular protection of a king or Prince, or a Republicke : there are some that hold for France, others for Spaine, and others for other Soveraignes, and his Eminence embracing the justnesse of our Cause, hath followed the example of the Almighty, who alwayes espouses the interest of the just. Certainly the happy successes of our Armies, hath well enough showed both the Excellency of his choice, and the justnesse of our cause, and our kingdome swelling under his Administration hath witnessed that for his sake heaven hath undertaken our quarrel; and indeed almost all those that desired his departure, have since been found Pensioners to the Enemies of this Crowne; and the glorious actions of our great Cardinal, which multiply his rayes, hath plainly showed that his lustre dazeling and hurting their eyes, they have imitated the wolvs in the Fable, that promised the sheepe not to meddle with them, if they would send away the dog from their sheepe-fold.

Well, these State-reformers (who cover their black designs with the Cloak of publique Benefit) have nothing else to say but that the Cardinal is an Italian, yeas. But what i<sup>st</sup> they complaine of? he advances none but French, and those whose greatnesse cannot have any Eclipse; he hath not made any Creature, and we see at Court thirty Italians, Persons of quality of great families, some drawne hither by their neerenesse of blood to him, others by his renoune, that have been heer idle this ten yeares, because he thought them not fit for the Kings service. In the meane time  
what

what wisdom soever he makes use of, in the Conduct of the Government, it doth not please our Politique Citizens; they cry down his Administration. But 'tis no new thing for the unfortunate to impute to the good fortune of others, the ill offices of their own. In that envious humour that gnawes them, they'll complaine that they have nothing to complaine of: because his Eminence hath raised no Creatures they call him ungratefull; if he had advanced any, they would have accused him of ambition. Because he hath carried our frontiers into *Italy*, he is a traitor to his owne country; and if he had not led our armies that way, there had then been a private understanding against us between him and his Country-men: what way soever the glory of this kingdome is advance't, his Eminence will alwayes be to blame, unlesse his Enemies be let become great enough not to envy him any longer. Let the fire of Calumnies use his violence against him as long as he pleases his Reputation is a rock in the midst of the billowes, that the waves washes instead of shaking; and that very strength that makes it able to support the burthen of an Empire, will not leave him when it concerns him to beare injuries. The second Batterie that they rear against him, assaults his birth: What, are we obliged to instruct those that are voluntarily ignorant? must we teach them that onely pretend not to know that the family of the Mazarins, whence came the Cardinals father, is not only one of the Most noble families, but likewise of the best allied in *Italy*; and that the Armes of his illustrious Ancestors are of the most ancient that

Rome

*Rome* hath preserv'd the name of. The ignorance of fools would have a great priviledge, if we were obliged to hear patiently their contradictions, to all the truths that they are unacquainted withall. The people of the Market, and of the place *Maubert*, will not agree to these truths, that are so manifest; but these people would not be of the rout, if they could be truly informed of things. Besides, 'tis the custom, where they find eminent vertues, above their reach, to revenge themselves by slandering it. Although Cardinall *Richelieu* was well known, to come from one of the antientest Houses in *Poitou*, that he was of kin to the Lords of greatest quality in *France*, and that our very Princes took part with him, in the blood of their Ancestors; his Nobility was notwithstanding question'd. Such tales as these are never wanting, in seditious persons mouths, who seek to draw a pretence from every thing, to deny their obedience to those Rulers, that heaven hath placed over them.

They prosecute him further, and accuse him of protecting the Cardinalls Barbarins. Would it have been for the honour of *France*, to have denyed those sacred persons, that implored our aid, the Nephews of a Pope too, that all the time he reigned, was a true friend to *France*? Other Nations would have imputed this deniall, to a want of power to protect them; and this testimony of weaknesse, would it not have been of great prejudice to his most Christian Majesty, whose Empire is as much maintained by reputation, as by force?

When our calumniators felt themselves too  
much

much press'd in this place, they presently shift arguments, and cry out, that he hath oppress'd the people with great extortions. I know not, if this rabble hold intelligence with forraigne Kingdoms, that inform them more truly of the management of the Treasury, then the Councill, the Espargne, and the Chamber of Accounts, are informed. But I know well, that the Parliament of *Paris*, that accused him of Transportation, or ill management of so much monyes, after having made a strict examination, and spent much time in it, the Negotiations of *Cantarini*, did not impute to him so much, as the appropriation of a Cardecu; and I believe, his enemies would not have forgot to charge him with *Pecularet*, if he could have been convinced, rather then of false crimes, with which they have endeavoured to soil his reputation, for want of true ones. Besides, is any impost laid upon the Kingdom now, that was not established in the other reigne? Me-thinks, they are not exacted with so much rigour now, as was used then, although the Stock advanced by the Treaters, was consumed in Cardinall *Richelieu's* life-time, and that the same Warrs must be continued against as many Enemies, as before. Do they believe then, that five or six Armies are paid with the leaves of an Oak? that with it, new Levies are made, that Intelligence from all places can be maintained, that we can make whole Provinces and Kingdoms revolt from our enemies; and, in fine, that an onely Minister of State can govern, to the hazard of all the Potentates of the world, without prodigious sums of mony, which are onely capable to buy



buy our peace. Yeas, Mr. *Draper* fancies, that 'tis with the government of a Monarchy, as with his Chamber-maid's wages, or his son *Peter's* board.

They add to their ridiculous stories, that oftentimes things have succeeded well, to the contrary of what he counselled. I believe it, for he is Master of his own reason, and not of the Caprices of fortune. How often do we see good success authorise ill conduct? And I should much more wonder, that, through the obscurity of things to come, a man could with the eyes of his understanding, dispose of hazardous events, and by his diligence, guide the steps of Fate.

When these praters have been repulsed in this assault, they charge him with a Palace that he hath built at Rome: But let them know, that the least Cardinall in the Court hath his Palace: Being a French Cardinall, the pomp of a Palace in *Rome*, is for the glory of *France*, as his meanness would be, in the opinion of the Italians, a shame to our Nation. Some of our Kings (I speak of the most August) have furnished Cardinalls with very considerable sums, to build their Palaces, upon condition, they would place our Lillies over the Portall. Yet in spite of all these speciall reasons, a poor little Mercer, making up his ribbands, will not allow the Cardinall, to build a house at his own charges.

The scum murmurs besides, that if *France* should forsake him, he hath no retyring place. What, blind Sirs, because he hath purchased enemies every where, by protecting you, is he therefore an hatefull and an abominable person? and  
do



do you judge him unworthy of pardon? His fault indeed is unpardonable, of having so faithfully served ungratefull persons; and God, that gave him as an example of those that exposed themselves for the people, hath permitted, that having comported himself as gallantly as *Phocion*, *Pericles*, and *Socrates*, that he should meet with as wicked Citizens, as they did, that formerly condemned those great personages.

He is blamed likewise, that he refused peace; and my Laundresse swore to me, that *Spain* offered it on very honourable and advantageous terms, for this Kingdom. I exhort those that are wise, not to judge by outward appearances, and to remember, that the time when our *plenipotentiaries* refused to conclude it, was, when the most violent fits of the *Naples* revolt, first began, and when fortune seemed to offer us the restitution of a Kingdom, that belongs to us. 'Twould have been contrary to the rules of human prudence; to neglect that conquest, that we were almost sure of. Besides, the Catholick King alwaies insisting, that we should abandon the interests of the King of *Portugall*, 'twas not lawfull for us to signe to that Peace, (unlesse we would have been thought the most perfidious of Nations,) and not comprehend him in the Treaty, since he attempted onely upon our word and promise, to set the Crown upon his Families head.

But this is the last and greatest shock, by which they pretend to obscure the brightnesse of his glory. He is (say they) author of the Siege of *Paris*. I answer them in the first place, That it was his duty to gve such advice, the Queen Regent  
having

having had notice of many plots, that were contriving against the person of the King: Nevertheless, the very common report is satisfied, that he was not the first, that gave his voice for this enterprize; and contrariwise, he hath been ever blamed, to have been too much inclined to clemency. Besides, why must it needs be, that he alone gave order, for the carrying away of our young Prince. Those that understand any thing, know, that he is not alone in the Councill; and that he doth but give his opinion like others. He is far then from being the onely author of this designe; he would not suffer things to be put in execution, that without doubt would have hastened the reduction of this City, because they appeared to his nature a little too cruell. And if the *Parisians* ask me, what those things were; I'll make them understand, that with a great deal of justice, he might have punished with death the prisoners of war, as traitors and rebels to their King. He could besides, in one night, if he had pleased, by the intelligence that he had from within, have caused the Suburbs, that were but poorly guarded, to have been plunder'd and burnt, have drove those that fled into the City to starve it, or put them all to the sword, after the example of *Henry* the fourth, that made half the women of *Paris* widowes in one day; and by taking this blood, have abated the feavour of the Inhabitants. But instead of these acts of hostility, he forbids the beating down of those Mills, that were about the City, although he knew, that by their means, they continually received great quantity of corn. And although he had notice of  
all

all themarches of their Souldiers, he often made the royal Troops steer another course, then that of our Convoyes, that they might not be obliged to famish, and beat us at the same time.

He hath besieged *Paris* then, but in what manner? like one that was afraid to take it, like a good father to his children: He was content to show them the rods, and threatned them a great while, that they might have leasure to repent. And to speak freely, their disease being an effect of their debauches, it was the duty of a good Physitian, to make them observe a dyet. In truth, if I might dispense with a little sport, in a matter of this importance, I would say, that our King seeing so many Kings on Twelfth Eve, come by night into his Capitoll, he went out against them, and would adventure to conquer fifty thousand Monarchs.

These, I think, are all the aspersions, by which this rascality have endeavoured, to render odious the person of his Eminence, without ever having had any one lawfull cause to complain of him: Neverthelesse they forbear not to cry down his most eminent vertues, to blame his administration, and prefer to him his Predecessor; but by what reason, I know not, if it be not perhaps, that Cardinall *Mazarin* sends none out of the world privately, and without cause; because he hath not a Court, sat with the blood of people; because he takes not off the heads of Counts, Mareschalls, and of Dukes and Peers of *France*; because he keeps not the Prince from the knowledge of businesses, because he is not a vindicative man; in fine, because they see him so mild, that

that the very attempters against him foresee their pardon : this is the reason why these factious Persons, do not esteem him a great Polititian. O ! stupid vulgar ! a Benigne Minister displeases thee, take heed the Misfortune of the Birds in the fable befalls you not, who having demanded a king was not content to be govern'd by the Dove that *Jupiter* gave them, that ruled mildly; but so importund him for an another, that he sent them an Eagle that devour'd them all. The Cardinall deceased was a great man, as well as his successor, but having not the boldnesse to decide betwixt the merit of these two eminent persons, I'll be contented to put the world in mind that Cardinall Richelieu had the honour to be Chosen by king Lewis the Thirteenth the most just Monarcke of *Europe*, to be his Minister, and Cardinall Mazarin, by the Cardinall Richelieu himselfe, the greatest head peece of that age.

They are to blame likewise to alleage that we are under a government, where Armes, Letters, and Piety are contemned. I'll maintaine to the contrary, that they never were so well esteem'd of. For Armes; witnesse *Monsieur Gastion*, and *de Ramhau*, who by their Credit and counsell, were made Marshalls of France; without speaking of *Monsieur* the Prince, who by the Queens rewards, possesseth he alone, more wealth then some Kings of *Europ*: for Piety, father *Vincent* shall answer, to whom she hath committed the charge of judging of the consciences, abilities, and life, of those that pretend to benefices: for Letters, witnesse the wise choice she hath made of one of the most judicious Philosophers of our time, for to instruct



instruct *Monfieur* the kings brother, witnesse the learned *Naude* whom he honours with his Esteeme, admitting him to his table, and by presents ! In brieffe witnesse that great and Magnificent *Bibliotheque* , built for the publike , to which by his meanes and care, all the learned of *Europe* contribute, What can we add more, Sirs ? nothing, after this ; unlesse, that the Glory of this kingdome cannot rise higher , since she is in the hands of his Eminence. Do you not think it necessary at last that the People should leave off vexing the patience of their Prince , by the wrong they do to his Favorites; that they should accept with thankfullnesse the pardon that is offered them, which they are not worthy of? no Sir, they deserve it not, for is't a fault pardonable to rebell against ones King , the lively image of God? to take armes against him that he hath given us to exercise over our Lives and fortunes, the functions of his Almighty power ? Is't not to accuse his divine majesty of Error , to controule the will of the Master he hath chosen us ? I know, it may be objected, that the particulars of a Republique are not out of the way of salvation. But 'tis very true, neverthelesse, that as God is but one, governing all the universe ; and that as the government of the heavenly kingdome is Monarchicall , that on earth ought to be so likewise. The holy Scriptures witnesse that God never appointed so much as one popular State , and some Rabbins assure us , that the sinne of the Angels was, to have attempted to put themselves under a Common-wealth. Do we not find that long before his coming, he gave *David* to be king over the people



of Israel, and that since our Redemption, he hath sent from heaven the holy Viall, with which he would have our kings sacred: By a supernaturall Character to distinguish them from all those that were to be born to obey them. The Church militant, that is the Image of the Triumphant, is govern'd Monarchically by the Popes, and we see that the very particular houses must be govern'd by a kind of king too, that is, the father of the family; 'Tis as the first spring in society, that moves our actions to order, and 'tis the secret instinct that compells the whole world to submit themselves to kings. In vaine the people endeavour to extinguish that light in their souls, that guide them to submission, it is at last carried in spite of them by this first mover, and they are enforced to render their due obedience. But nevertheless those of *Paris* have had the boldnesse to lift up their hands against the Lords Anointed, alleaging for a pretence, that 'tis not the King they aime at but his Favorite; as if, as a king is the image of God, a Favorite was not the image of the Prince. But 'tis not enough to say an image, he is his sonne. When he ingenders according to the flesh, he begets a Prince; when he ingenders according to his dignity, he begets a Favorite. As man, a successor, as a king, a Creature; and if it be true that to Create is more noble then to Generate, because Creation is Miraculous, we ought to adore a favorite, as he is the Miracle of a king: were it only then against his Eminence that they take up armes, do they think they are Christians when they attempt against the life of a Prince of the Church; no Sir, they are Apostates, they offend the

the holy Ghost, that presides at the promotion of all Cardinals ; and you need not doubt but that hee'l punish their sacrilege with as much rigour, as he punish't the murder of the Cardinal of *Lorraine*, whose death (however just) bled twenty yeares ; through the throats of foure hundred thousand French : But what can they promise themselves by a rebellion that can never succeed? and if it should so prosper as to overthrow Monarchy, what advantage would they have by it? he that now possesses onely a Cloake would not then be master of it. They would be authors of a Lamentable desolation, which their nephew's sonnes would never see the end of: besides t'were very strange, if they should think or perswade themselves that Christendome could see the destruction of the Eldest sonne of the Church without interressing her selfe for him? All the Monarches of Christendome are they not concern'd for their conservation of that king that can settle them againe in their Thrones, if their rebellious subjects should one day throw them down? And suppose that this revolution could be brought about without a greater destruction then that which Holland yet bleeds for; I'll maintaine that a popular Government is the worst scourge that God afflicts a State withall, when he would punish it. Is it not contrary to the order of Nature, that a Boatman or a Porter, should have power to condemne the generall of an Army, and that the life of the greatest person should be at the disposall of the meanest fool, that in all haste will put him to death? But God be thanked we are farre enough off from such a Confusion.

Those that name the Cardinall, without adding his Title, my Lord, already hide themselves; and every one begins to believe, that 'tis a hard matter to speak like a rascall, and not to be one. And if the whole Kingdome were in league against him, I should be confident of his victory; for 'tis the fate of the Julies, to overcome the Gaules. I hope then, that we shall suddenly see a generall reconcilment in the minds of men, & a perfect harmony, amongst the divers members of the body of this State. Monsieur de *Beaufort* being animated but with French blood, 'tis not credible, but that blood will stay him, from dying his sword in the breast of his mother; & like little Rivers, after having straid some time, reunite themselves to the Ocean, whence they first came, I doe not doubt, but that this illustrious Blood, will incorporate again suddainly with his spring-head, that is, the King; for the other Commanders, I cannot have so ill a thought of them, as to believe, that they'll refuse to follow the steps of so heroick an example; me-thinks, I see them already bow with respect, before the Image of the Prince. Reflecting what favour, the chief of their Families have received from precedent Kings, they are too just to be against it. That the fortune of another Family should likewise, in his turn, have a favourable aspect.

Monsieur the *Coadjutor* knowes well, that the Duke of *Rets* his grand-father, was Favourit to *Henry* the third. Monsieur de *Brissac* may have read, that his grandfather was raised to great offices and dignities, by *Henry* the fourth. Monsieur de *Luynes* hath seen his father have the greatest

rest power, over the heart and fortune of King Lewis the thirteenth. And Monsieur de la Houdancourt yet remembers the time perhaps, that he was in favour under the same favourit of the King deceased. They have no cause then to complain, that my Lord, the Cardinall, should now sway; 'tis no more then their Ancestors or themselves at another time have done.

But if all these considerations should prove too weak, to bring them to their duties, they are noble; and the apprehension of appearing ungratefull, for the benefits they have received from his Majesty, will make them desire to forget these discontents, rather then to appear unthankfull. And the example of a thousand traitors, that have returned injuries to the Court for her favours, will have no power over them, that know too well, that ingratitude is the vice of a rascall, of which the Nobles are incapable. It onely belongs to the Poets of the *Pont-neuf*, such as *Scarron*, to vomit foam upon the purple of Kings and Cardinalls, and to lay out the liberalities, that he continually receives from the Court in paper, that he fills with Libels against him. After having brag'd, that he had received a thousand Francs of his Pension from the Queen, he had the impudence to say, that if a thousand more were not sent him, 'twas not in his power to forbear another Satyre, that strove with him to come to light; and conjured his friends to give speedy notice of it, because he could not possibly keep it any longer. Well, was ever such an example of impudent ingratitude seen in any age? Ah! Sir, this was without doubt



the reason, that God (who foresaw the number and the greatnesse of his sins) to punish him sufficiently, was faine to be twenty years beforehand with him, and by a continuall death chastize those crimes, that were not yet committed, but those that he was to commit. Permit me a little, I beseech you, to turn my discourse a little to these Rebels! Seditious people! come and see an object worthy of Gods judgments, 'tis the monstrous *Starron*, that is given you for an example of the punishment, that the ungratefull, the traitors, and the slanderers of their Prince, are to suffer in Hell; consider in him with what scourges Heaven punishes calumny, sedition, and detraction? Come Burlesque writers, and see a compleat Hospitall, in the body of your *Apollo*; when you see the King's Evill that devours him, confesse, that he is not onely the Queens sick-man, (as he calls himself) but the Kings likewise; he dies every day in some member, and his tongue staies till the last, that his howling may tell you the torments he endures. You see him, what I tell you is no story; since I have been speaking to you, he hath perhaps lost his nose, or his chin. Doth not such a spectacle stir you up to repentance? Admire, stony-hearts, admire the secret judgment of the most High: Harken with an ear of contrition. This speaking Mummy, she complains, that she is not able to bear all the pains that she endures. The very blessed ones, to punish his impieties, and his sacriledges, teach Nature new infirmities, to cossfound him with. Already by their Ministers, he is oppressed with the disease of *St. Roch*, of *St. Fiacre*,  
of



of St. Clon, of St. Renne: And that we may, in a word, comprise all the enemies that he hath in heaven, heaven it self hath ordained, that he should be sick of the Saint. Admire then, admire, how great and profound are the secrets of the divine providence. She knew of the ingratitude of the Parisians to their King, that was to break out in 1649. But not desiring so many Victims, she caused to be born forty years before, a man ungratefull enough, alone to expiate all the punishments, that a whole City had deserved. Make your profit then, O people, of this miserable miracle; and if the consideration of the eternall flames are weak motives to make you wise, and to hinder you from casting your Gale upon the scarlet of the Tabernacle; at least, let the fear of becomming *Sparrows*, terrifie you.

You'l please to excuse, Sir, this little digression, since you are not ignorant, that Christian charity obliges us, to run and help our brethren, that, without perceiving it, are upon the very brink, ready to fall into a precipice. You have no need of it, you that in these great shocks of State, have still held fast to the body of the Tree. And indeed tis one of the most considerable motives, that I am, and will be all my life,

SIR,

*Your very humble, obedient and affectionate servant,*

De Cyrano Bergerac,

37. *Theseus to Hercules.*

**D**O you not wonder, my deare *Hercules*, that I should write to you from t<sup>r</sup>other world? That being past the flood *Lethe* I should remember our friendship and that I should preserve the memory of it? where the memory of men are shipwrackr, Ah ! I foresee that you do not : you know too well that that correspondence and society whose mutuall esteeme knit our souls, is not a knot that Death can loosen; and the very inaccessible hell where I am detained, is not farre enough to hinder my sighs from reaching to you. I know, that you have been seen to shiver and tremble with anger against this Tyrant of the night, whose rigorous government I endure, and that the great *Hercules*, after having dis-horned Bulls, torne Lions, strangled Giants, and carried upon his shoulders the Machine of the world, that *Atlas* could not beare, is not a man to be affraid of the barking of a Dog, that keeps my Prison Gate ; 'tis a Monster that hath but three heads, and *Hydra* that he overcame had seaven each of which grew to seaven more : Come then, O triumphant Protector of heaven ! Come and take the last victory upon your Enemies ; come into these dark Dens and take from death the Priviledge of Immortality ; and at last resolve to satisfie the suspense that the terror of your arme holds nature in : you have spread your name enough over the Mountaines of the earth, and the starres of the firmament ; think of those that languish in the Center of the world, oppressed  
with

with the weight of the earth for having fought under your banner. Can you imagine, to what a miserable condition the unfortunate *Theseus* is reduced, now that his complaints makes his misfortune ring againe in those climates that the Sunne gives light to ; he is in the most sad and fatale quarter of the *Elisium* fields, seated upon the trunk of a *Cypress* ; tore with Thunder, uncertain whether he should send you his Request or his Epitaph ; his eares affrighted and his Eyes offended with the croaking of Ravens, and the continuall cries of a cloud of Ospreys ; his head leaning on the black marble of a monument in the midst of a frightfull Cymetire, environ'd with rivers of blood, where deadbodies float, whose ponderous motion is excited by the dolefull sound of sighs that the souls breathe out, that passe over her. This, O invincible *Hero* ! is the fatall Imployment of those yeares that I ought to spend more gloriously in your service, but because that no sad Circumstance should be wanting to my griefe I am tormented not onely by evill it selfe, but likewise by the Eternall sight of him. P'le tell you, that t'other day (excuse me if I speake in this manner in a place fill'd with darknesse, where blindnesse raignes every where, and where every object weares a perpetuall black) t'other day then, whilst the rigour of the most unfortunate aspects that an accursed Climate can be deadlily looked on : I perceived all affrighted, the horrible habitation of the Parques, who turn'd their eyes on mine. I was a long time employed in considering these homicide mothers of mankind,

mankind, who had hung at their distaffs the haughty Arbitrer of peoples liberties, and wound as negligently the silk of a glorious Tyrant, as the thread of a simple shepherd. I conjured them by my tears, to spin out the thread of my life more quick, or else to break the woofe. And since the fear of death frighted me more, then death it self, I desired them to free me from a hundred thousand torments, by one onely. But I read in their countenances, that they had decreed, not to grant my petition so soon. This frightfull company made me leave my abode; but alas, I fell into another more horrid, 'twas a vast floating Pen; in which being engaged, I found I was at the mercy of an hundred thousand Vipers, that hath none, and who with their tongues burning with venom, having suckt on my cheeks the painfull degorgements of my heart, gave me in the room of it, the air of their hissings to breathe. There I saw those famous offenders, whose crimes have condemned them to extreame torments, bring themselves forth again, by the fire that consumed them, endure in the flames all the insupportable torments of a frost, and under the unmercifull Empire of a violent Eternity, have nothing left them of their being, but the power to suffer. I met *Sisyphus* at the top of a mountain, bewailing the losse of his stone, that was newly slipt from him. *Tityas* continually revive, to satisfie the insatiable hunger of the Vulture, that tore him. *Ixion* loosing at every turn of his wheel. The memory of the former *Tantalus*, devour'd by the very fruit, that he in vain endeavours

endeavours to devour; & the *Danaides* imployed, in continually powring into a tub full of holes, that they could not fill. There was there hard by, a very thick bush, under which I discovered, through the fortifications of this vegetative Labyrinth, lean Envy, whose eyes were frightfully fix'd on the earth, the hands yellow and drie, the thighs quaking, and without flesh, the stomach sticking to the sides, the breath contagious, the skin ran'd by the heat of the *Acribalaria*, who vomiting, was chewing a piece of a Toad half digested. Afterwards I had the conversation of the Furies, who were employed in such rufull actions, that I leave them to imagination, left by the relating them, your designe of rescuing me should by their horror be changed, with your courage. Behold, these are my misfortunes, O generous Prince, the relation that I have made to you, is not to call you to my succour, for I should stain the honour of great *Alcides*, if I should think, that there were any need of words, to excite him to produce a vertuous action. And I am confident, that the time that he spends in the reading my Letter, will be all that shall stay him from taking this voyage, from which I may expect my liberty. But in the mean time, I cannot find the way to make an end of it; for how can I, that stand in need of the service of all the world, dare to style myself, O great *Hercules*,

Your Servant,

Theseus.



38. Upon an *Ænigma*, that the Author sent  
to Monsieur\*\*\*\*\*

SIR,

**T**O acknowledge the Present you made me the other day, of your rare *Ænigma*, I thought I was obliged to acquit my selfe, by sending you the like; I say the like in respect of the name *Ænigma* that it bears; for as to the lofty style and character of yours, I confesse mine much beneath it, and that I should be very inconsiderate if I should but dare to follow its flight, onely with the eyes of the Fancy. However, if mine may be so happy, as to see her self entertained in the quality of an attendant to yours, her father will be too much honoured: I confesse shee's impatient to entertain you. If your goodnesse then will grant her this favour, you need onely continue the lecture of this Letter,

*Ænigma*

## Enigma, upon Sleep.

I Was born nine hundred years before my sister,  
 and yet she passeth for my elder; I think that  
 her ugliness and deformity, is the cause of this  
 error: there is no body but hates her company  
 and conversation; there comes not a word of  
 good newes out of her mouth: And although she  
 hath more Altars on earth, than any of the other  
 deities, she receives no pleasing sacrifices, but the  
 vows of the Despairers. But I that charm all those  
 that I come near, there passes not a day, but I see:  
 that which breaths in the air, the sea, & the earth,  
 fall at my feet. I find my cradle in the Sun's  
 tombe, and in my Coffin, the Sun finds his cradle.  
 The perfectest and most amiable thing that  
 man ever saw, was made the first day of my reign;  
 Nature laid the foundation of my Throne, and  
 makes my head in the highest place of a stately  
 Palace, of which she takes care, when I repose,  
 to keep the door shut. And the workmanship of  
 this Edifice, is elaborated with so much art, that  
 no body ever yet knew the order and the symme-  
 try of its Architecture. In fine, I make my abode  
 in the centre of an unexplicable Labyrinth, where  
 the reason of the wise and the foolish, of the  
 learned and the idiot, wanders together. I have  
 no Hoste but my father; and although he be a  
 great deal more rationall then I am, yet I make  
 him go whither I please, and am his conductor.  
 'Tis to little purpose, in the mean time, that I  
 counsel

cousen him, a few howers doth so clearly disabuse him, that he resolves (although in vain) to trust no more to my fallacies; for, in spite of him, I lay in irons the five slaves that serve him; as soon as they are tyed, I compell them, whether they will or no, to submit themselves to my caprichious; not but he endeavours to shun my re-encounter, but I watch him in places so black and dark, that he never fails of falling into my snares; he yields presently to the character that my divinity, amases him with; insomuch that he hath no eyes, but what are mine. Not but that I have many other powerfull adversaries, the most considerable amongst which, is the sworn enemy to silence, who would long since have drove me out of the confines of his Kingdom, if the greatest part of his subjects, had not, in my favour, revolted against him; and these revolters, that reason makes to rise against their Tyrant, are the best govern'd, and the onely persons that live under a perfect harmony: They protect my innocence, quiets those disturbances and clamours, that conspire my ruine; introduce me by little and little into their Kingdome; and at last help me rhemselves upawares, to become the Master of ir. But I advance my victories a great deal further, I share with the god of day, the extent and the duration of his Empire; and if that half that I possesse be not the most glorious, 'tis at least the most tranquil and quiet. I have this advantage of him besides, that I intrench upon his dominions, when I please, and he cannot intrench upon mine. The Astre that gives light to the

Universe, goes not down from our Horizon, till I yoke to my Chariot the one half of mankind: I stir up and maintain trouble among the people, to keep them at rest. They must needs love me, for I use every one of them according to their humour; those that are manly disposed, I lead to Plaies, Balls, Feasts, and other pleasant diversiments; the cholerick I lead to the wars, and plant them at the head of an Army, and make them break through thirty squadrons with their swords, gain victories, and take Kings prisoners; for those that are melancholly, I sink them into the darkest horrors of a frightful solitude, I carry them to the top of an hundred terrible and inaccessible Rocks, to make their abyse seem more deep to them. In fine, I give every body an occupation, according to his fancy; I enrich those that are most miserable, and sometimes, in spite to fortune, I take pleasure to precipitate his favourites, to the lowest part of his wheel; I raise likewise; when I please; a rascall to a Throne, as heretofore I prostituted a Roman Empresse to the embraces of a Cook. 'Tis I, that for fear the Lovers should brag of their good fortunes, take care to close their eyes, before they get to the bed-side. 'Tis by my art likewise, that they fly without feathers, that they go without stirring their feet: And, in fine, 'tis by me onely, that they die without losing their life. I spend half the time, to repair the lean bodies, I give colour to the cheeks, and make the Roses and Lillies bud in the face. I am two things together very unlike, the gods Truckman, and the fools

In-

Interpreter, When I am seen neer hand, they know not who I am, and they do not begin to know me; till they have lost sight of me. The Eagle, that looks fixedly upon the Sun, winks at my prefence. I know not, if any amongst my Ancestours have been counted Lions; but in the fields, the Cock crowing makes me fly; and, to speak freely, I my self have much a do, to explicate what I am. Unlesse you'l fancy, what a boy makes his Top do, when he whips it; I make all the world do so. Well, Sir, this is speaking plain enough; and yet I dare lay a wager, that you have not found it out. But; in troth, I'le not expound it to you, unlesse you command me; for then I'le ingenuously confesse to you, that the word you look after is, Sleep; and I cannot forbear, for I am, and will be all my life-time;

SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

Anonous



I. *Amorous Letters.*

To Madam. \*\*\*\*\*

Madam,

**B**Eing a person as beautiful as *Alcidiane*, t'was without doubt fit you should have an inaccessible habitation, as had that most worthy Lady; for since none could approach that Roman's without danger, and without the like hazard none can come neere yours; I believe that by the magick of your Charms you have removed since my departure the Province where I have had the honour to see you, I mean, Madam, that she is become a floating Island, that the furious wind of my sighs drives backwards and forwards before me, when I endeavour to come neere it. My very Letters, full of submissions and respects, for all the Art of the best instructed messengers cannot arrive: 'tis to no purpose that your praises that they publish makes them fly into all parts, they cannot meete with you; and I verily believe, that if by the Capricio of fortune or of fame (that often times take the charge of that which addresses it self to you,) one of them should fall from heaven down your Chimney, 'twould be capable to make your Castle vanish. For my part, Madam, after adventures so surprizing, I doubt not any longer but your County hath changed climate with the Country that was its antipode; and I am afraid that looking for it in the Map, I shall find in its place, as we find in the extremities of the North, *This is a land that the Ice keeps from approaches.*

M

Ah!

Interpreter, When I am seen neer hand, they know not who I am, and they do not begin to know me, till they have lost sight of me. The Eagle, that looks fixedly upon the Sun, winks at my presence. I know not, if any amongst my Ancestours have been counted Lions; but in the fields, the Cock crowing makes me fly; and, to speak freely, I my self have much to do, to explicate what I am. Unlesse you'l fancy, what a boy makes his Top do, when he whips it, I make all the world do so. Well, Sir, this is speaking plain enough; and yet I dare lay a wager, that you have not found it out. But; in troth, I'le not expound it to you, unlesse you command me; for then I'le ingenuously confesse to you, that the word you look after is, Sleep; and I cannot forbear, for I am, and will be all my life time,

SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

Anonymous

## I. Amorous Letters.

To Madam. \*\*\*\*\*

Madam,

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M

Ah!

Ah/Madam, the Sun whom you resemble, to whom the order of the universe allows no rest, was pleased to stand still in the heavens, to give light to a victory which little concern'd him. Stay Madam and be witnesse to one of the greatest of yours, for I protest (provided you caute not any more to vanish the enchanted Palace, where I every day speak to you in Imagination) that my converse, dumb and discreet, will never offer any thing to your Eares but vovues, homages, and adorations: you know well that my Letters containe nothing that can be suspect, why then do you hinder the conversation of a thing that never spoke; if I may have leave to declare my doubts, I believe you deny me the sight of you; that you may not communicate a Miracle above once to a prophane person; yet you know that to convert an unbeliever as I am (thats a quality you have formerly tax'd me with) requires that I should see it more then once.

Give accessse then to testimonies of veneration that I intend to pay to you. You know that the Gods receive favourably the incense we burne to them heere below, and that their glory would be imperfect, if they were not ador'd: do not then refuse to be so, for if all their attributes be adorable, since you eminently possesse the two principall ones, the Wisdome and the Beauty, you'd make me commit a crime, if you should hinder me from worshipping the divine Character that the Gods have imprinted in your person; I especially that am, and will be all my life,

Madam,

*Your most humble, and  
passionate servant.*

2. Lett

## 2. Letter.

Madam.

**T**He fire that you consume me with, hath so little smoak, that I defie the severest Capuchin, to black his conscience and his humour, with it; that Celestiall hear, for which St. *Xavier* was so often like to burst his doublet, was not more pure then mine, since I love you, as he loved God, without having seen you: 'tis true indeed that the person that named you to me, made so perfect a draught of your Charmes, that whilst he was about his Master-peece, I could not believe that he drew you, but that he brought you forth; 'twas upon his security that I articted to surrender. My Letter is the hostage, use it courteously I pray you, and give it some quarter; for if the lawes of warre did not oblige you to it, the Prize is not so inconsiderable that the Conquerour need blush to owne it. I do not deny but that the powerfull darts of your eyes, made me lay down my armes, compell'd me to beg my life of you; but in truth I think I have much contributed to your victory, I fought as one that had a mind to be overcome, I turned alwayes the weakest places to your assaults, and whilst I incouraged my reason to the victory, in my soul I vowed its overthrow: I, against my selfe, I assisted you strongly, and if the repentance of so temerare a designe made me weepe, I perswade my selfe that you drew those teares from my heart to make it more combustible, having taken away the water from a house you had a de-



signe to fire; and I was confirmed in this opinion, when I considered that the heart was a place contrary to others, that one could not keep without burning it. You do not believe perhaps that I am serious. I am in truth, and I protest to you, if I do not see you quickly, that the Bille and Love, will roast me in such a manner, that I shall leave the grave-wormes the hopes but of a leane Breakfast? what, you laugh at it; No, no, I do not jest, and I fore-see by so many sonnets, Madrigalls, and Elegies, that you have received from me (that knowes not what belongs to Poetry) that Love designs me a voyage to the kindome of the gods, since he hath taught me the language of the Country: however if some pitty moves you to deferre my dearch, send me word that you permit me to come and offer to you my servitude: for if you do not, and that quickly, you'll be accused of having in humanely killed without a cause of all your servants the most passionate, the most humble, and the most obedient servant,

*D. Bergerac.*

### 3. Letter.

Madam,

**Y**OU have a kindnesse for me, Ah? in the very first I see I am your most passionate obedient servant, for I feel already my soul by excesse of joy spread so farre from me, that ~~free~~ I have gone past my lips, before I can have time, so, to end my Letter: neverthelesse 'tis now concluded and I can if I please, seale it: for since you have  
given

given me assurances of your affection , so many lines is needlesse againit a place thats already taken and were it not that 'tis the Custome, for a *Hero* to dye standing; and a Lover complaining, I had taken leave both of you and the Sun, without acquainting you with it : but I am obliged to employ the last sighs of my life to publish (in bidding you farewell) that I dye for love, you know, of whom; you believe it may be, that the dying of Lovers , is onely a manner of speaking that they have got , and because of the conformity of the wordes Passion and suffering, desire and death that they oft n taken one for t'other. But I am very confident that you'l not doubt of the Possibility of mine, when you have considered, the violence and the continuance of my disease ; and the lesse, when after having read this discourse you find at the Extreamity,

Madam,

*Your servant.*

#### 4. Letter.

Madam,

**I** Was so farre from loosing my heart when I did you homage, with my liberty , that since that time I find it a great deale bigger, I believe he is multiplyed, and that being not enough of one for all your wounds, he hath used his endeavours to bring forth others in all my arteries, where I feel him beare, that he may be present in divers places and that he only may become the only object of all your Darts, in the mean time Madam, freedom, that pretious treasure, for which Rome heretofore

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ventured

ventured the empire of the world; That deare liberty, you have taken from me; and nothing that passes from my vitall spirits to my senses hath made this conquest: your wit onely deserv'd this glory, his vivacity, his sweetnesse, his extent, and his strength, merited enough to make me deliver it up to so noble fetters: that faire and great Soul, raised into a heaven so farre above that which is the reasonable one, and so neere to the Intelligible, that she eminently possesses all the faire one, Nay, I'de say too, much of the Almighty Creator that made her, if of all the attributes, that are essential to its perfection, there was not wanting that, of Mercifull; yeas, if we can imagine any defect in a divinity, I accuse you of that: Do you not remember my last visit, when complaining of your cruelty, you promised me at my departure, that I should find you more favourable, if you found me more discreet; and that taking your leave of me, you bid me come againe the next day, because you were resolved to make the tryall: But Alas! take a dayes time to apply remedies to wounds that are in the heart, is it not to suspend your assistance till the languishing party is dead? And that which makes me wonder the more, is, that you mistrusting that this Miracle might come to passe, you fly from home, to shun my fatall re-encontre: Well Madam, well, fly me, hide your selfe, from my very remembrance; one ought indeed to fly and hide ones selfe when one hath committed a Murder: good gods, what do I say? Ah Madam, pardon the fury of one that is desperate, No, no, Appear thats a law for Mankind, which doth not concerne you; for t'was never

never heard that Soveraignes ever gave an account of the death of their slaves : yeas, I ought to esteeme my fortune very great, that I deserved, you should take the paines to ruine me; for since you have been pleased to hate me, that will at least witness to posterity that I was not indifferent to you. Besides the death that you thought you had punish'd me withall, makes me rejoyce; and if you are troubled to apprehend what this joy might be, 'tis the secret satisfaction that I have to have dyed for you in making you ungrateful. Yeas Madam, I am dead, and I find you'll have much ado to conceive, if my death be reall, how it can be that I should send you the newes of it: nevertheless there's nothing more true: but learn; that man must endure two deaths in this world; one violent, which is love, and the other naturall, that reunites us to the insensible substance. And this death that is called Love, is the more cruell, because when we beginne to love, we begin to dye; 'tis the reciprocall passage of two souls that seeks one another to animate in common that which they love, and of which the one halfe cannot be parted from the other halfe, without dying, as 'tis hapned to,

Madam,

*Your faithfull servant,*

**5. Letter.**

Madam,

**A**M I condemned to weep much longer? I beseech you, my deare Mistresse, in the name of your good Angel, be so much to a friend me as to

let me know your intentions, that I may be-  
times provide me a place amongst the Quinze  
vingts; for I perceive, that I am by your courtesie  
predestinated to die blind: yeas blind, (for your  
ambition would not be satisfied, to have me one-  
ly a *Monoculus*). Have you not made two Alim-  
becks of my two eyes, through which you have  
found out the art, to distill my life, and to con-  
vert it into clear water. In truth, I should sus-  
pect (if my death were any advantage to you,  
and if it were not the onely thing that I cannot  
obtain) that you exhausted those springs of wa-  
ter, that are within me, onely that you might  
the more easily burn me; and I begin to believe  
some such thing, since I perceived, that the more  
humidity my eyes draw from my heart, the more  
he burns. I cannot think, that my father did  
make my body of the same clay, that the first  
mans was composed of; but without doubt, he  
form'd it of a lime-stone, since the humidity of  
those tears I shed, hath almost consumed me.  
But can you believe it, Madam, in what manner  
it hath consumed me? I dare no longer walk in  
the streets thus all on fire, for fear the boyes  
should come about me with squibs, for they'l  
certainly take me for a past-bord figure, that was  
got loose from some artificiall fireworks; nei-  
ther dare I show my self in the Country, lest I  
should be thought to be one of the walking *Her-  
mes's*, that lead people to drowning. In fine,  
you may easily understand what all this means;  
'tis, Madam, that if you do not come back, and  
that quickly; if you enquire after me at your re-  
turn,



turn, you'l find that I am shut up in the *Thiibes-*  
*ries*, and that my name is the Fire-beast, which  
is showed to the people for mony; you'l then  
be much ashamed to have a *Salamander* for your  
lover, and be troubled, to see burn in this world,  
Madam,

*Your Servant.*

*6. Letter.*

*Madam,*

**I** Have received your magnificent Bracelets,  
that seemed to me very proud, to wear your  
characters. You need not fear, after this, that a  
prisoner, held by the arms, and by the heart, can  
make an escape from you. I confesse, I should  
have suspected your present, because that there  
alwaies goes hair and characters into the  
making up of charms. But you, having so many  
more noble waies of killing, 'tis not likely I  
should suspect you of witchcraft; besides, I  
should be to blame, to withdraw my self from  
the secrets of your Magick, it being not possible  
for me to escape my Horoscope, that is agreed  
with you of my sad dysaster. Add to these consi-  
derations, that 'twill be much more for her ad-  
vantage, if it comes by some supernaturall means,  
and if it be caused by a miracle. I believe, Ma-  
dam, you think all this is jesting; well then, let  
us be serious, tell me, in your conscience do you  
not think, that you have gained a heart at a cheap  
rate, since it cost you but half a dozen blowes?  
By my faith, if you find any more at that price,  
I

I would advise you to take them ; for haïres will thoner grow again in the head, then hearts in the breasts. But did you not cunningly choose, to make me a present of hair, to explain to me in Hierogliphick, the insensibility of your heart ? No, I esteem you more generous. But how ill soever you intend, I do confound in my joy every thing that comes from you, that the hands that strike me, or stroak me, are alike welcom, provided they be yours ; and the Letter that I send to you, is a proof of it, since it is onely to give you thanks, for tying my arms, for drawing me by the hair, and by all this violence, for having made me,

Madam,

Your Servant,

### 7. *Another Letter.*

Madam,

**I** Do not onely complain of the mischief, that your fair eyes have been pleased to do me ; but likewise of a more cruell torment that I suffer, by their absence. You left in my heart, when I took my leave of you, a tyrant, that under pretence of being your Idea, takes upon her a power over me of life and death ; nay she enhaunses tyrannically upon your authority, and goes to this excessse of inhumanity, to tear open those wounds, that you had closed up, and to make new ones, in those old ones, that she knowes cannot heal. Let me know, I beseech you, when that *Aster* (that was eclipsed onely for my sake) will

will come and dissipate the clouds of my afflictions, Have you not enough to exercise that constancy, to which you promised victory? Did you not swear to me, when you took your last journey, that all my faults were wiped out, that you would forget them for ever, but me never? O sweet hopes! that are vanished with the aire that framed them. Hardly had you ended these deceitfull words, shed some perfidious tears, and sent forth artificiall sighs, with which your mouth and your eyes belyed your heart; but fortifying some cruelty, that yet lay hid in you, you doubled your kindneses, that you might eternize in my memory, the cruell remembrance of your favours, which I had lost:

But you went further, you fled from those places, where the sight of me, would perhaps have been capable, to have moved your pittty; and absented your selfe from me in my sufferings, as the Kings that abandon those places, where criminalls are punished, for fear of being importuned for a pardon. But to what purpose so many precautions, Madam? you know too well the power of your wounds, to be afraid of their cure. The Physick that hath spoke of all maladies, hath said nothing of that which destroyes me, because she spoke of them, as being able to deal with them; but that which the love of you hath begot in me, is incurable; for how is it possible to live, when one hath given away ones heart, which is the cause of life? Return it me then, or send me yours in the place of my own; otherwise in the condition I now am, to end my life  
by

by a bloody and cruell death, you'l add to the conquest of your eyes, too sad a destiny, if the Victim that I immolate to you, be found without a heart. I conjure you then, once more, since you need not have two hearts to live, to send me yours, that offering to you a compleat sacrifice, she may make both your love and your fortune propitious to you, and hinder me from making an ill end, although I should tell you improperly at the bottom of my Letter, that I am, and ever will be, even in the other world,

Madam,

*Your faithfull Slave.*

### 8. Letter.

*Madam,*

**Y**OU complain, that you discovered my passion, from the very first moment, that fortune obliged me with the sight of you. But you, to whom your glasse (when he shewes you your image,) tells, that the Sun hath all his light and ardour, the very first instant that he appears, What reason have you to complain of a thing, that neither you nor I could hinder? 'Tis as essentiall to the splendour of the rayes of your beauty, to illuminate bodies, as 'tis naturall to mine to reflect towards you that light, which you bestow upon me. And as it is in the power of your consuming looks, to kindle a disposed matter; so is it in that of my heart, to be consumed by it. Do not complain then, Madam, unjustly, of this admirable

mirable concatenation, by which Nature hath joyned, by a common society, the effects to their causes. This unexpected foresight is a continuance of the order, that composes the harmony of the Universe; and 'twas a necessity, known at the birth day of the creation of the world, that I should see you, know you, and love you. But there being no cause, but tends to some end; the very time that we are to unite our selves, is now come. 'Twere in vain for you and I to attempt against our destinies. But admire the course of this predetermination, 'twas a fishing that I met you; the lines that you (looking upon me) cast, did they not declare to you my being taken? And although I had scap'd your lines, could I have saved my self from the baits, hung at the lines of that fair Letter, that you did me the honour to send me, some daies after; every obliging word of which, was composed of divers characters, onely to charm me; and I received it with such respects, as I would expresse, by saying, that I adored it, if I were capable of adoring any thing besides your self. At leastwise, I gave it many tender kisses; and laying my lips to your dear Letter, I fancied, that I kissed your excellent wit, that framed it. My eyes took a pleasure, in often passing over those characters, that your pen had made; and grown insolent by their good fortune, they attracted my whole soul to them, and by fixed looks, stuck there, to unite it self with those draughts of yours. Could you have thought, Madam, that with one sheet of paper, I could have made so great a fire, 'twill never go out,



out, though till my dayes are extinguish'd; for if my soul and my passion parts themselves in two sighs at my death, that of my love will go out last. I'll conjure *la Gonie*, the faithfullest of my friends, to repeat to me that beloved Letter; and when he shall be come to the end of it, where you humble your self so much, as to say, that you are my servant; I'll cry out, till death, Ah! that cannot possibly be, for I my self have alwaies been,

Madam,

*Your most faithfull, most humble, and  
most obedient Slave,*

De Bergerac.

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**FINIS.**

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## The Errors of the Presse.

- H** *Ir* *her*, for *him his*, in the 23 line of the 8 page.  
*Had*, for *have*, in the 25 line of the 9 page.  
*Little*, for *brittle* and, in the 3 line of the 12 page.  
*Hir*, for *him*, in the 17 line of the 14 page.  
*Roch*, for *Poch*, in the 5 line of the 16 page.  
*He*, for *she*, in the 10 line of the 16 page.  
*He*, for *she*, in the 12 line of the 16 page.  
*He* for *she*, in the 19 line of the 16 page.  
*Bottom*, for *fadom*, in the 2 line of the 17 page.  
*För*, for *to*, in the 11 line of the 18 page.  
*Walls*, for *valleyes*, in the last line of the 18 page.  
*Hosfesse*, for *Hospitall*, in the 26 line of the 23 page.  
*Mosse*, for *Messe*, in the 13 line of the 24 page.  
*Mater*, for *Muster*, in the 17 line of the 26 page.  
*Set*, for *sat*, in the 4 line of the 29 page.  
*Seemes*. for *Lances*, in the 4 line of the 29 page.  
*To shew his innocency in*, line 21. page 30.  
*O gods*, for *O good*, in the 13 line of the 36 page.  
*Leave out with*, in the 5 line of the 39 page.  
*They*, for *he*, in the 8 line of the 47 page.  
*Leave out of*, in the 11 line of the 52 page.  
*Tambocineux's*, for *Jambotomeux's*, in the last line of the 82 page.  
*Doe*, for *die*, in the 6 line of the 84 page.  
*Makes*, for *spakes*, in the 25 line of the 84 page.  
*After*, for *often*, in the 15 line of the 85 page.  
*There*, for *them*, in the 16 line of the 88 page.  
*Cushonet*, for *Cushomet*, in the 28 line of the 88 page.  
*Lately*, for *safely*, in the 27 line of the 91 page.  
*Cannot*, for *Can*, in the 32 line of the 93 page.  
*Read*, for *made*, in the 3 line of the 96 page.  
*Truths*, for *troubles*, in the 27 line of the 98 page.  
*No*, for *that the*, in the 27 line of the 105 page.  
*Roost*, for *roof*, in the 3 line of the 111 page.  
*She*, for *he*, in the 23 line of the 111 page.  
*Others*, for *other*. in the 20 line of the 139 page.  
*That a Repblick*, for, the particulars of a Republick, in the 23 line of the 145 page.  
*Bead*, for *head*, in the 17 line of the 157 page.

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2153-11

fructus qui requiruntur ex malo amoris  
quunt ex malo odio. sed tamen prin  
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tur. Et sic de odio sue pprie volu  
ntatis fructus q sequuntur ex amo  
re et priuantur fructus q sequuntur ex amo  
re et omnia mala sua. et de odio di o  
mnes pessimi fructus qui sequuntur  
amore pprie et priuantur omnes boni  
fructus qui oriebantur ex amore dei. Et  
fructus qui sunt de amore et odio.  
primo debito obligationis quod e  
st amoris dei.

ipsum fecit deus omnia alia opera et ali  
as creaturas. id quicquid homo habet. et quic  
quid potest totum accipit a deo. et id totum  
debet suo artificio. et tantum obligatur homo  
deus quantum opus suo artificio. et magis adhuc.  
quod deus totum fecit et ipsum hominem et omnia alia.  
Et quod opus debet amare suum artifice et time  
re et laudare et honorare si potest facere.  
id cum homo sit opus dei viuus. et possit ama  
re. timeat. laudare. honorare et glorifica  
re. debet omnia ista dare deo. et nulli alteri debet  
ista dare. quod nulli aliquid debet nisi deo. cui  
totum se debet. ¶ Ut autem homo clare cognos  
cat quod sunt illa specialiter que debet facere

etiam potest et habet cum quo?  
 Ad quid dedisset sibi hoc nisi ut amaret  
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Charles  
 de la Roche  
 1612

Charles  
 de la Roche  
 1612



pter deū immediate: ut cū istis seruiat deo  
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nia reddat ei. Quid enī debet cognoscere  
ipsum opus factū nisi factorē suū possēs  
posse et habet cū quo? Ad qd datū est si  
pōt facere: si nō debet: si facit: ut nūq̃  
ctoꝝem possēs posse et habet cum quo?

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nir sup oia alia opa sua. cui soli et nō  
suā imaginē vniā dedit: supra qd nūl-  
aliud op? posuit: qd fecit ipm vñm al-  
quē suā: ppter qd fecit et ordina-  
diat: Quātū obligat illud opus fa-

salus. scilicet sequitur quod odium superfluum est  
natura bonum et contra. quod ei opponitur. et sic videtur  
in est bonum et aliud malum. Quia ergo  
non oditur odium. et bonum odium omni  
bono amore. et malum ex malo amore.

quare potest: ut det omnia quod poterit deo. Et  
non solum hoc debet inclinare hominem ut det  
deo omnia quod poterit. sed etiam fortissima obli-  
gatio iam probata. quod verum est illi? omnia quod poterit  
dare debet deo. Unde quod homo est opus dei: et  
deus est suus opifex et suus artifex. dicitur enim

Quia de  
beamus  
deo dare